

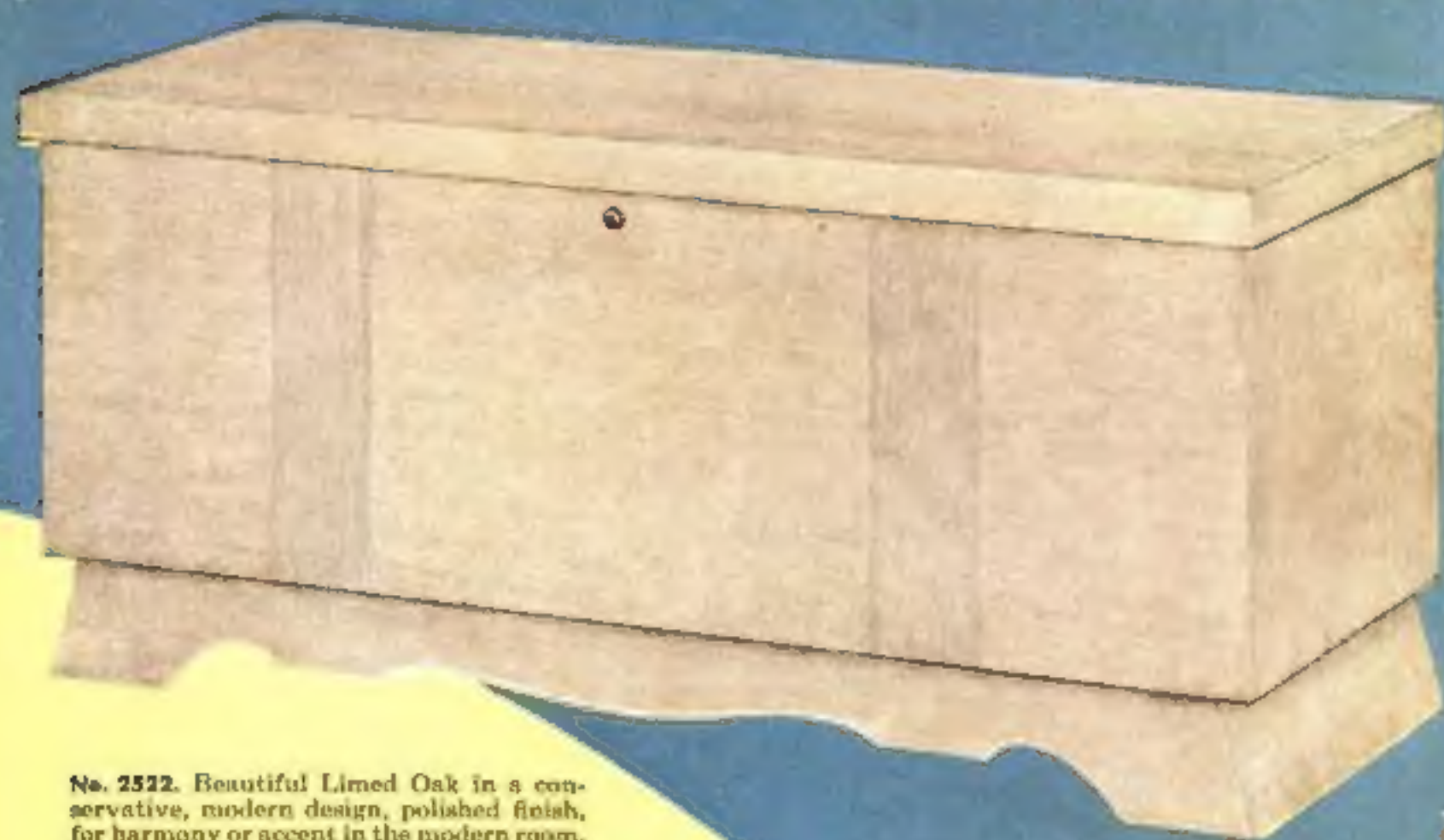
LIFE



24TH DIVISION
SOLDIERS AT FRONT

JULY 31, 1950 **20** CENTS

For sweetheart, sister, mother, daughter



the gift that starts the Home

No. 2522. Beautiful Lined Oak in a conservative, modern design, polished finish, for harmony or accent in the modern room. Includes Lane patented Automatic Tray.*

Love-Gift Values

That come
but
Once a Year

Buy Now

Easy terms are offered by many Lane dealers...some for as little as \$1 down!



No. 2520. Polished matched American Walnut, on waterfall Walnut base, with border trimmed in matched Paddock. Includes Lane Automatic Tray.*



No. 2521. Contemporary American design—matched, polished Walnut in the popular silver-gray color. With Lane Automatic Tray.*

Miss America



says: "I know that you will enjoy collecting for your lovely Lane Cedar Hope Chest as much as I have for mine."

—Jacqueline Mercer
Miss America 1949

Christmas
Lay-A-Way Clubs
Now Forming

Be sure of giving your sweetheart, sister, mother or daughter the ideal Christmas love-gift! Choose your Lane now...take until Christmas to pay. See your Lane dealer today, while stocks are complete.

For sale at
department and
furniture stores

* All 4 of these
August values feature
the patented Lane
Automatic Tray
as illustrated at left.



No. 2523. Fine Mahogany veneers, rubbed to satin finish. Shaped top edge lends new interest to this 18th Century design. With Lane Tray.*



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The Lane
Company, Inc.

LANE

CEDAR CHEST

THE PRACTICAL LOVE-GIFT

Loon



Coon



There's a tremendous difference
between a "loon" and a "coon"

- and there is a powerful difference, too,
between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline!



"Ethyl" gasoline is *high octane* gasoline. That's why it brings out the top power of your engine—makes a difference that you can feel on hills, on the open road, and when you need quick power for passing or acceleration.

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

ETHYL CORPORATION... New York 17, New York

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake... ethylene dichloride... sodium (metallic)... chlorine (liquid)... oil soluble dye... benzene hexachloride (technical)

This One



6TW8-S6H-F8PP

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"SURE, ALL
MUFFLERS LOOK
ALIKE..."

BUT WHAT
A DIFFERENCE
WHEN YOU
GET A GENUINE
FORD MUFFLER!"



"THEY'RE BEST FOR FORDS," MY MECHANIC
TOLD ME, "AND THEY'RE THE LOWEST
PRICED QUALITY MUFFLERS WITH ALL
THESE FEATURES..."



"FORD MUFFLERS ARE DOUBLE-
WRAPPED...THEY ACTUALLY HAVE TWO
SKINS, FOR EXTRA SILENCE AND
LONGER LIFE."



"THIS FREE-FLOW DESIGN GIVES YOU
BETTER GAS MILEAGE. AND SAFETY-
SEAMS AT BOTH ENDS ELIMINATE
GAS SEEPAGE."



"IN SHORT, THEY'RE MADE RIGHT TO
FIT RIGHT AND LAST LONGER IN FORDS."
"MISTER," I SAID, "YOU'VE CERTAINLY
CONVINCED ME."

"AND I'VE LEARNED IT'S THE
SAME WITH ALL GENUINE FORD
PARTS. THEY'RE BUILT TO SAVE ME
TIME, MONEY, AND THEY MEAN
REAL
SATISFACTION"



AVAILABLE WHEREVER
YOU SEE THIS SIGN AT ALL
FORD DEALERS AND SELECTED
INDEPENDENT GARAGES



KEEP YOUR FORD ALL FORD!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

KOREAN WAR

Sirs:

I spent two years in Korea ("U.S. Gets into Fight for Korea," *LIFE*, July 10) as a U.S. cavalryman, so this attack came as no surprise to me. They (the North Korean army) were always threatening to come across the border and "push us all into the sea." If they had left the 6th and 7th Divisions in Korea under Lieut. General John R. Hodge, things would still be O.K. there. Those gooks were scared silly of the general and his two divisions.

I just hope our GIs are as lucky as we were and come back all in one piece. And I hope the poor gooks in South Korea will some day be able to have a free and peaceful country like we have.

VICTOR STEPHEN PETERSON
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

I have heard of full-stall landings, power-off landings, power-on landings, wheel landings, follow-through landings, belly landings, inverted landings, even one-point landings (on the propeller hub), but how does one make a "full-throttle landing?" (*LIFE*, July 10).

LAWRENCE M. SCHMIDLAPP
Cincinnati, Ohio

● There is no normal full-throttle landing. One of three things may explain Photographer Dave Duncan's use of the term: 1) the C-47 pilot undershot the field, used full throttle to reach the runway; 2) anxious to clear the runway for two F-80's behind him, he gave the plane full throttle after setting down, or 3) Duncan just thought he was landing awfully fast.—ED.

SYCAMORE BACKS TRUMAN

Sirs:

The remarks of Laborer Emmet Woods (*LIFE*, July 10), who said, "Truman lowered the boom on 'em. . . I'da dropped it," show to my mind the true spirit of America and from it, were they capable, the enemies of this country could obtain a full view of the mind of the U.S.

COLONEL RALPH W. JONES
Danville, Ill.

Sirs:

... There may be hope for the U.S. when even one man of courage like Druggist David Hamilton realizes, though in the midst of jingoes, that a Third World War to end war can be no more successful than earlier ones.

EUGENE R. HURLEY
Baldwin, N.Y.

JOHN MARIN

Sirs:

The etching of Chartres Cathedral by John Marin (*LIFE*, July 10) may have been originally "done in realistic style," as you say, but it would be more realistic if *LIFE*'s plate were reversed to show correctly the later, ornate towers as the left one, and the earlier, simple tower as the right. Send your art department to France for a vacation.

DUDLEY L. MILLER
New York, N.Y.

● Reader Miller might consider vacationing at an etching school. There he would learn that etchings are

scratched on a metal plate and naturally come out in reverse when printed. Says Marin of his reverse print, "Maybe if I did it again I'd do it looking into a mirror, but hardly anybody bothers with that. If a thing looks all right, it is all right."—ED.

Sirs:

It is odious to compare Marin's work to the watercolors of Winslow Homer, who did not depend upon eccentric methods to merit the approval of critics and patrons.

JOHN C. ROGERS
Alexandria, Va.

OUR LADY OF RISK

Sirs:

In an upset world Dom Alexis' love for Christianity ("Our Lady of Risk," *LIFE*, July 10) gives us renewed courage and hope.

ROBERT MURTAGH
New York, N.Y.

A MIGHTY JOB

Sirs:

A while ago (*LIFE*, Feb. 27) you told us of the pathetically poor fighting forces of the U.S. as compared to Russia's. Now in "A Mighty Job" (*LIFE*, July 10) you speak of "the world's mightiest Navy and the world's most modern Air Force." Were you trying to get us needlessly worked up then, or are you now whistling in the dark?

C. W. MARMADUKE
Newark, N.J.

● Neither. *LIFE*'s National Defense issue warned that Russia would soon outstrip the U.S. We still have "the mightiest Navy" and "most modern Air Force," although Russia is producing more planes.—ED.

JO-JO THE CROW

Sirs:

Meet Michael and Alan—Michael, like Jo-Jo (*LIFE*, July 10), was the pet of our family all summer at our place in Friendship, Maine. . . .

MRS. W. L. OBRION
Rye, N.Y.



BOY VS. CROW

Sirs:

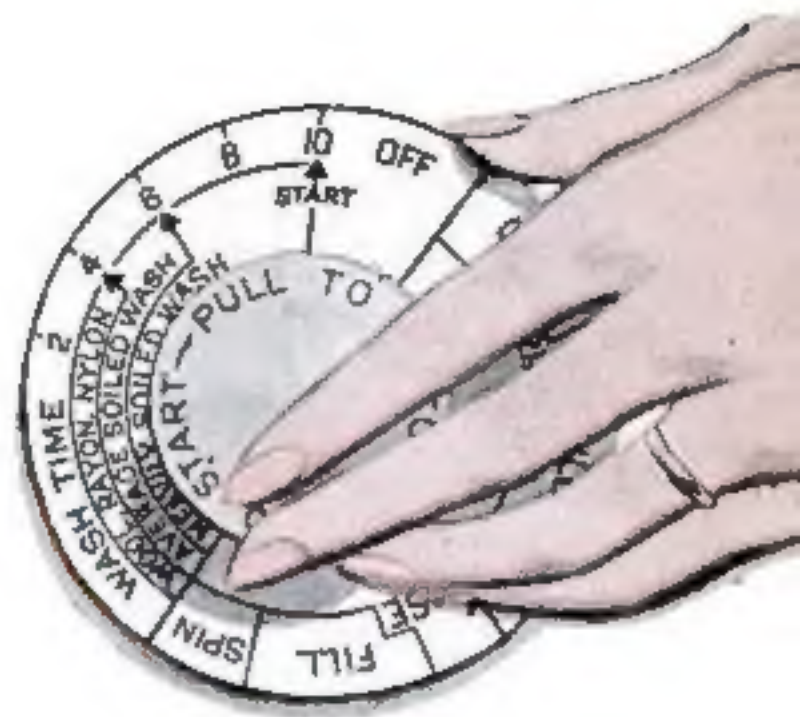
Last November near Sebago Lake, Maine my cousin found a crow who responded to the name of "Joe." Joe also liked Cokes, untied shoelaces, etc. Joe came back to Dedham, Mass. with his new master, stayed several weeks, then disappeared again. Perhaps he is the same New Hampshire "Jo-Jo."

E. W. GREEN
Roslindale, Mass.

● Could be. Squeaker Rowland's Jo-Jo was lost in November only 60 miles as the crow flies from Sebago Lake.—ED.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

Now! A Wonderful New Frigidaire Automatic Washer with Time-Saving Select-O-Dial!



The only automatic washer with all-porcelain rust-proof finish inside and out.

SET IT ONCE! Sensational new electrical control lets you pre-select right washing times, even for woolsens, rayons, Nylons —no hand-controlling! Automatically fills washer—controls rinsing, drying—even cleans and shuts off washer!

You can't match the brand new Frigidaire Automatic Washer for *really easy, completely automatic washing*—even of special fabrics which require hand-controlling in most automatic washers. You simply dial the recommended washing time—it's marked right on the Select-O-Dial—and the washer does the rest in as little as 24 minutes! No waiting for the tub to fill before adding soap—no need to return till your washing's done. What could be easier!

Watch Frigidaire's Live-Water washing—see why there's nothing like it for getting clothes *clean*. Watch the surging, penetrating currents of hot, sudsy water that produce all the washing motion—with no pulling or yanking. See how your things are always completely submerged in water—not half in, half out. Note that *clean* water is used for each wash and both deep-water rinses! You use as little as 12 gallons of hot water—and none is wasted!

See the smart styling by Raymond Loewy! Look at the new back panel that fits flush against the wall—puts controls in easy reach, away from water. Notice the new neon signal light. And remember—this is the only automatic washer that's all-porcelain inside and out!

New quietness, new smoothness. Thanks to Frigidaire's new direct-drive Unimatic Mechanism and new Free-Floating Tub, this washer is so vibration-free you can stand a coin on edge on the washer while the washer is running. No bolting down!

See a Proof-of-Value Demonstration at your Frigidaire Dealer's—look for his name in Classified Phone Directory. Also find out about the new Frigidaire Automatic Dryer and Electric Ironer! Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio.



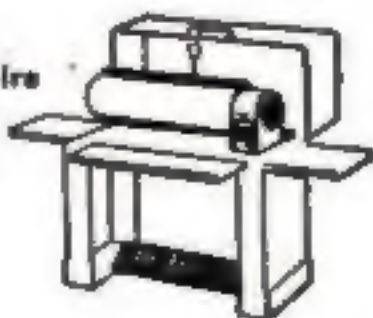
This emblem on a Frigidaire Automatic Washer assures you of the same measure of convenience, economy, dependability and beauty that made the Frigidaire Refrigerator America's No. 1 Refrigerator.

You can't match the New **FRIGIDAIRE** Automatic Washer

New Frigidaire
Automatic
Clothes Dryer!



New Frigidaire
Electric
Ironer!



Automatic Washer • Refrigerators • Electric Ranges • Electric Ironer
Automatic Clothes Dryer • Food Freezers • Electric Dehumidifier • Air Conditioners
Electric Water Heaters • Kitchen Cabinets and Sinks

Rapidry-Spinning is DIFFERENT. This washer spins far faster than most automatic washers, really gets the water out of clothes. Result—many of your things are dry enough to iron immediately and everything's lighter, easier to handle.



Live-Water washing is DIFFERENT—and the secret is the Frigidaire Pulsator. Its short, fast, up-and-down strokes send tides of hot suds surging through and through your clothes—get things *really* clean, white, bright. Nothing else like it!



New Underwater Suds Distributor is DIFFERENT! Automatically makes good soap or detergent even more effective—turns it all into bubbly, hard-working suds before it ever touches your clothes! Never leaves a spot or stain!



Today, try **NEW** Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic
and join the men who say:—

**"MY CHOICE
from now on!"**

Because no other hair tonic contains new wonder-
working **Viratol***...assuring natural looking hair
and natural feeling hair that stays neat all day long!



**REALLY
GIVES HAIR THAT
JUST-COMBED LOOK
ALL DAY LONG!**

**GOOD-LOOKING
HAIR
ALWAYS MAKES
A HIT
WITH ME!**

**THIS IS FOR ME!
IT'S GOT
ALL THE OTHERS BEAT
A MILE!**

*Special compound VIRATOL (with Lanolin) in Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic helps keep hair
in place without stiffness... gives it the natural lustre that men envy and women admire.

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cos.'d

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

WET PHOTOGRAPHER

Sirs:

LIFE was taken in by such a simple
trick! Photographer Alan Mungavin
(LIFE, July 10) couldn't have shot the
picture. There's a lens cap over the
lens of his camera.

OWEN R. MURGRAVE

Johnstown, N.Y.

● Mungavin uses an old make of cam-
era, exposes film to light by slipping
the lens cap off and on again, a sim-
ple trick for an old hand.—ED.

PEEP SHOW

Sirs:

Such luscious and exquisite figures
("Peep Show," LIFE, July 10) should
not be on the stage, but making homes.

B. E. JOHNSON

Battle Creek, Mich.

Sirs:

... You often score sex delinquen-
cy among youths but your story "Peep
Show" is a contribution to that con-
dition.

CHARLES A. WEBBER

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

You mentioned a limber creature
called "The Cat Girl." How about a
picture of the girl who sets our French
Quarter topsy-turvy every time she
has appeared here.

JOPLER FORD

New Orleans, La.



CAT GIRL LILLY CHRISTINE

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RED DEVIL vs. PHENOPLAST

Sirs:

We are reporting on tests we con-
ducted at your request in an effort to
duplicate the conditions described in
your article on Phenoplast (LIFE, Feb.
21, 1949). We found that where Phen-
oplast was applied according to the
manufacturer's directions (i.e., three
coats) and Red Devil Paint and Var-
nish Remover was poured on the sur-
face and then immediately removed
with a soft cloth, the surface was un-
affected. However, in other tests using
three coats of Phenoplast, where Red
Devil Paint and Varnish Remover was
allowed to stand for periods of one
minute, 30 minutes and 24 hours, the
Phenoplast surface was effectively at-
tacked.

J. B. CALISE

U.S. Testing Co., Inc.
Hoboken, N.J.

● In a story on Phenoplast, a plastic
resin coating, LIFE (Feb. 21, 1949)
printed a picture which showed that
Phenoplast would not be affected if
various substances, including Red
Devil Paint and Varnish Remover,
were accidentally spilled on it. In
that demonstration, the Red Devil
was immediately removed. In an ef-
fort to correct any misimpression,
LIFE had these tests performed to
show that Red Devil, if applied de-
liberately and allowed to stand on
the surface for longer periods in ac-
cordance with the manufacturer's
instructions, would affect and/or re-
move a Phenoplast surface.—ED.

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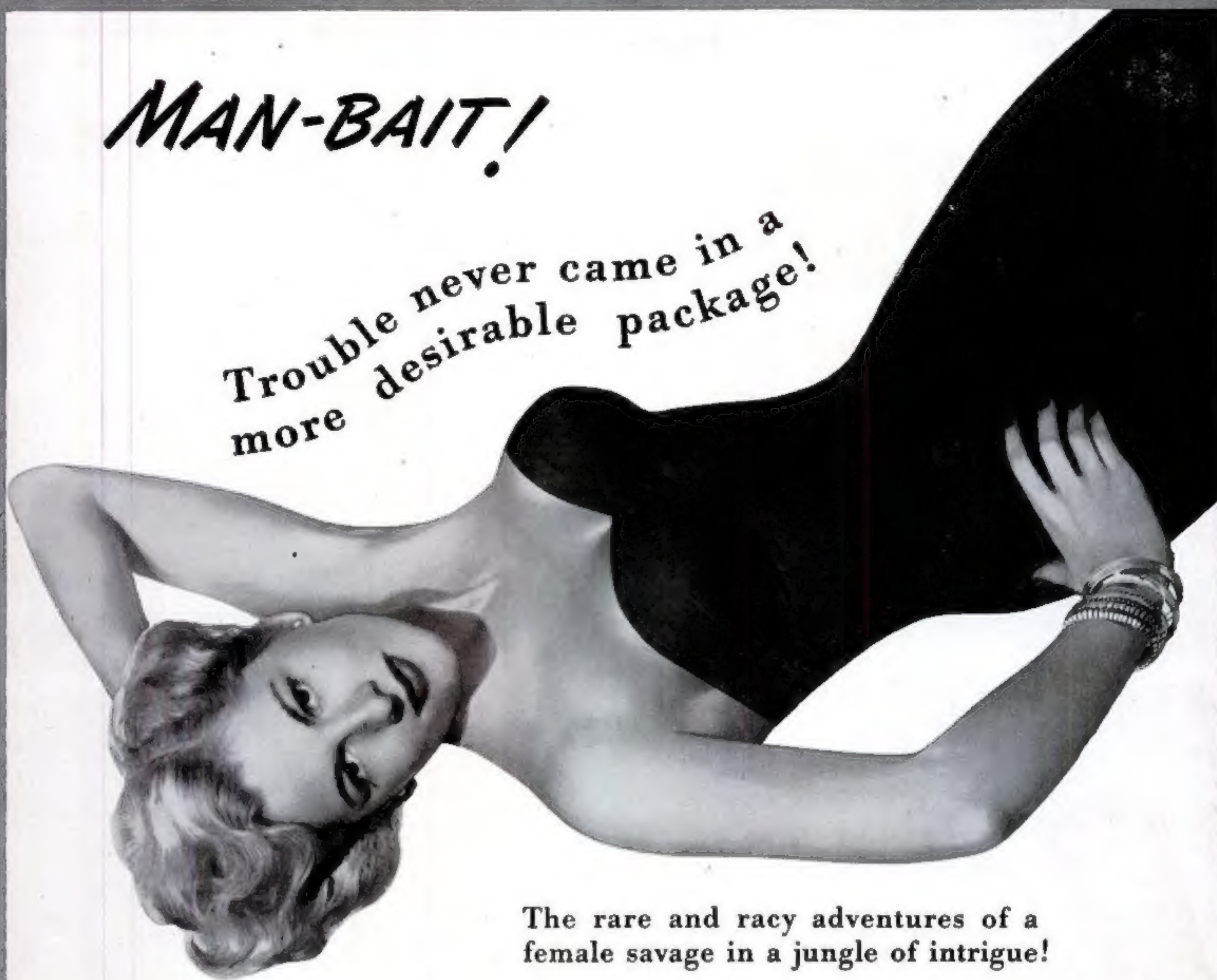
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MAN-BAIT!

Trouble never came in a
more desirable package!



The rare and racy adventures of a
female savage in a jungle of intrigue!

JOAN FONTAINE
ROBERT RYAN · ZACHARY SCOTT
in
"Born to be Bad"
and JOAN LESLIE · MEL FERRER

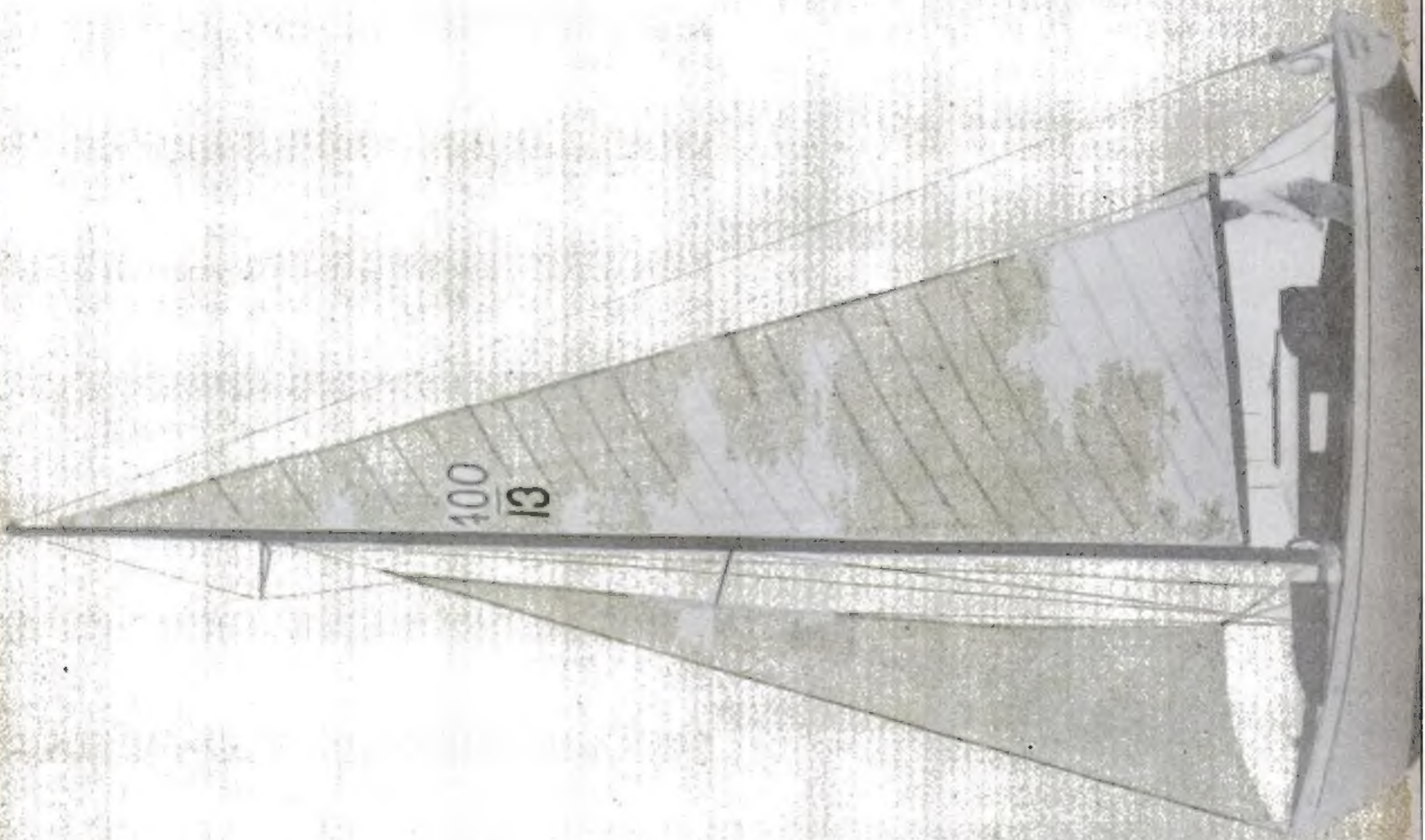


Produced by Robert Sparks • Directed by Nicholas Ray • Screenplay by Edith Sommer

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

... In his home waters
a roving yachtsman gets
these fine "mood shots"

After 20 years of living intimately with sailboats, 39-year-old Carleton Mitchell of Annapolis, Md. set out to capture in photographs the things which appeal to the yachtsman's senses and make him an addict. He sought pictures that would suggest the smell of salt marshes at low tide, the feel of hot sun on a naked back, the sight of the creeping ragged blanket of an oncoming fog. Armed with two cameras, a Roliflex and a Contax which he kept in a small Army surplus shell case, Mitchell sailed in one stirring Newport-to-Bermuda ocean race, later snapped pictures on the high seas all the way from the Bahamas to the Baltic. His search was successful, producing an array of sensitive pictures which will appear in his forthcoming book *Yachtsman's Camera* (D. Van Nostrand & Co., \$5). The pictures on these pages, as fine as any in the book, were not taken in faraway waters but in Mitchell's native Chesapeake Bay. The ghostly sloop, *Surprise III*, and its saw-toothed reflection at right, was caught inching in for docking at Sharps Point, Md. The mackerel sky and billowing sails of the Naval Academy yawl *Resolute (belton)* were photographed off mouth of Severn River one Sunday afternoon.





THREE-KNOT BREEZE brings out a spinnaker from *Resolute's* sail locker, but the best the Naval Academy crew can coax out of her is paltry one knot.

NO BREEZE AT ALL causes crew of *Surprise III* to cut the auxiliary engine, strain their eyes and ears for signs of danger as sloop ghosts through the fog.

WARNING!

YOU MAY HAVE ATHLETE'S FOOT WITHOUT KNOWING IT!

(Over 70% are infected yearly)



9 out of 10 get complete relief!

Athlete's Foot can be agony, attacks fast in summer! Hot damp shoes, public swimming, outdoor sports expose you to infection. At first sign of cracks, peeling, itching between toes, use Quinsana. Recommended by most chiropodists... Quinsana's antiseptic action checks the growth of Athlete's Foot fungi. No wonder so many rely on effective Quinsana—the largest selling Athlete's Foot Powder!



For daily foot protection, shake Quinsana on feet. Shake it in shoes to help absorb perspiration. So cooling, soothing! Amazing relief for tired, burning feet. Count on Quinsana to help combat foot odor, too!

Easy-to-use... no mess, no stains. So help your feet to health and comfort. Use fast-acting Mennen Quinsana—every day. The whole family will love it!

Costs so little... feels so good! only 49¢

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hits the jackpot
for greaseless
good grooming
and healthier
handsomer hair"

says *Dana Andrews*

starring in the RKO
production "EDGE OF DOOM"



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DESTROYING* JERIS HAS
THIS FRESH, CLEAN-SCENTED
MASCULINE FRAGRANCE

Only JERIS brings you: 1. Greaseless
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counters—professional applications at
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Tonic won't discolor coat collars, can't
soil shirts, stain hats or upholstery.

When Jack's pate was oily
His hair appeal was nil
He switched to greaseless JERIS
And now he's
got his Jill.



JERIS

ANTISEPTIC
HAIR TONIC



*Pityrosporum ovale, which
many authorities recognize as
the cause of infectious dandruff.

"Popular as a Three Ring Circus"

(and just as much fun, too!)



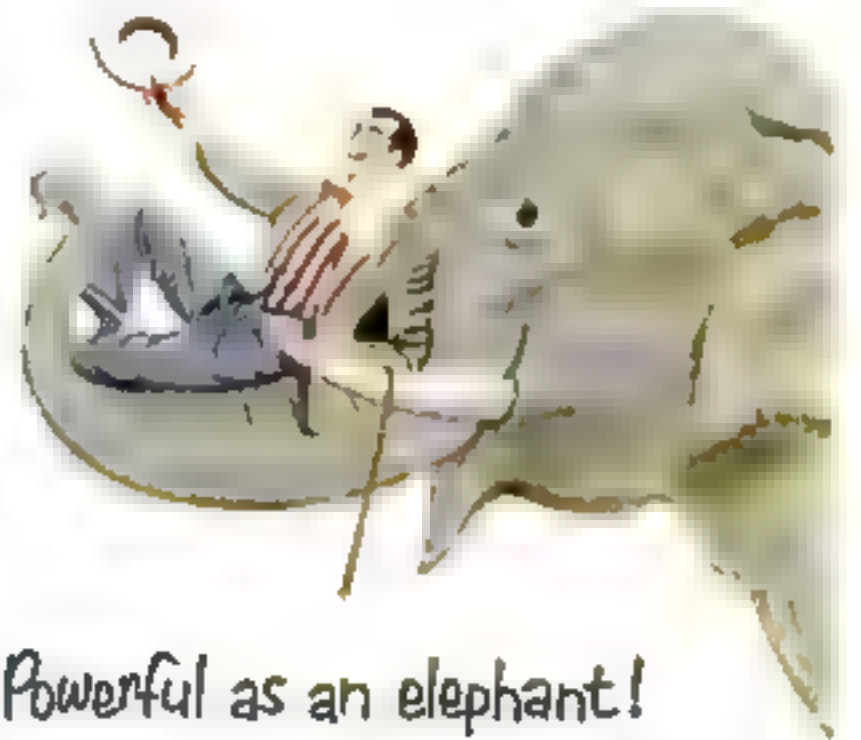
1. Step right up!

Go for a thr-r-r-illing ride in the big, beautiful Mercury! It's guaranteed to please! Exciting for the whole family—so bring 'em all along!



2. More fun than a monkey act!

It's lively! It's spirited! Makes you want to get up and go! And with Mercury "Hi-Power Compression" you CAN GO!



3. Powerful as an elephant!

Mercury's V-type, 8-cylinder engine is a hill-climbing honey. When you want to go up—you go UP!



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Feather-light on the controls and velvet-smooth in action! Solid security on the highway—a dream to drive anywhere!



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Yes, you've got ROOM for a sideshow! Headroom for the Tall Man, hiproom for the Fat Man, plenty of legroom for the man on stilts!



6. Easy to park as a midget!

So have fun! Drive Mercury—the car that's "wow-ing" the crowds everywhere! See your dealer today!



P. S. — won't stop! Winner of the 1935 Ford Grand Canyon Run. Mercury's "Amen" is built to last!



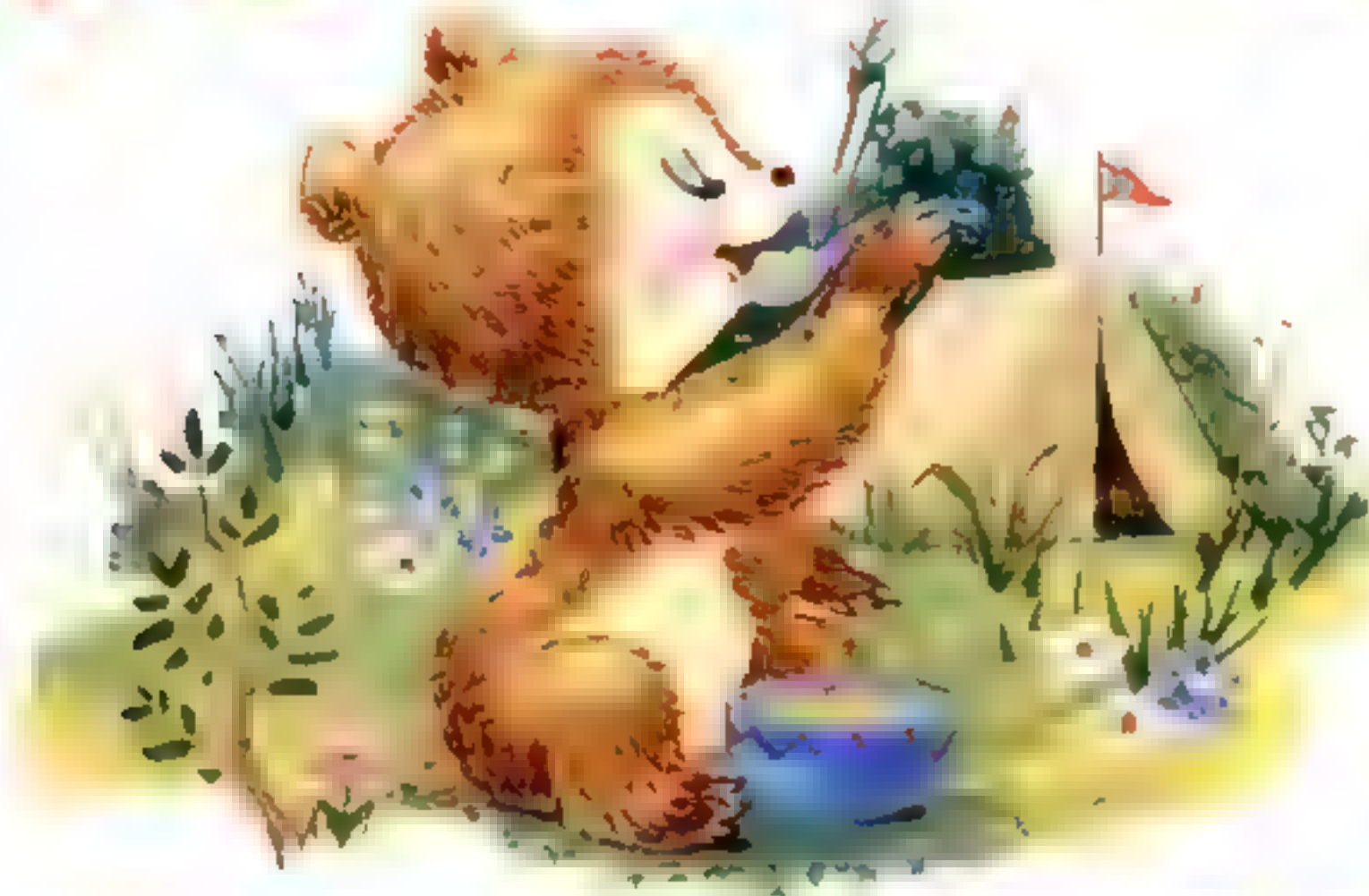
Yes, sir, go for a ride—
and you'll go for

MERCURY

MERCURY DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Everybody's nibblin' this wonderful NEW Cereal!

Post's SUGAR CRISP



AS A CEREAL
IT'S DANDY!

FLUFFY PUFFED WHEAT WITH A SPECIAL HONEY FLAVORED COATING TOASTED ON—SO SWEET YOU DON'T NEED TO ADD SUGAR. JUST POUR ON THE MILK OR CREAM AND WATCH THE WHOLE FAMILY GO FOR THIS "HONEY" OF A NEW CEREAL!

FOR SNACKS
IT'S SO HANDY!

SO QUICK, SO EASY. PERFECT FOR 'TWEEN MEAL, AFTER-SCHOOL OR BEDTIME SNACKS. IT'S GOOD FOR KIDS TOO—WHOLESAME WHEAT FOR NOURISHMENT, THE SPECIAL HONEY AND SUGAR COATING FOR FLAVOR, PLUS QUICK ENERGY. WHAT A COMBINATION!



OR EAT IT
LIKE CANDY!

IT'S FUN TO EAT PLAIN—RIGHT OUT OF THE BAG! IT'S SO SWEET AND CRISP YOU'LL KEEP ON NIBBLING AND NIBBLING. YOU JUST CAN'T LEAVE IT ALONE. PUT POST'S SUGAR CRISP ON YOUR GROCERY LIST NOW. IT'S THE NEW CEREAL THAT HAS EVERYTHING!

A Product of
General Foods



AS A CEREAL IT'S DANDY—OR EAT IT LIKE CANDY!

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LIFE'S COVER

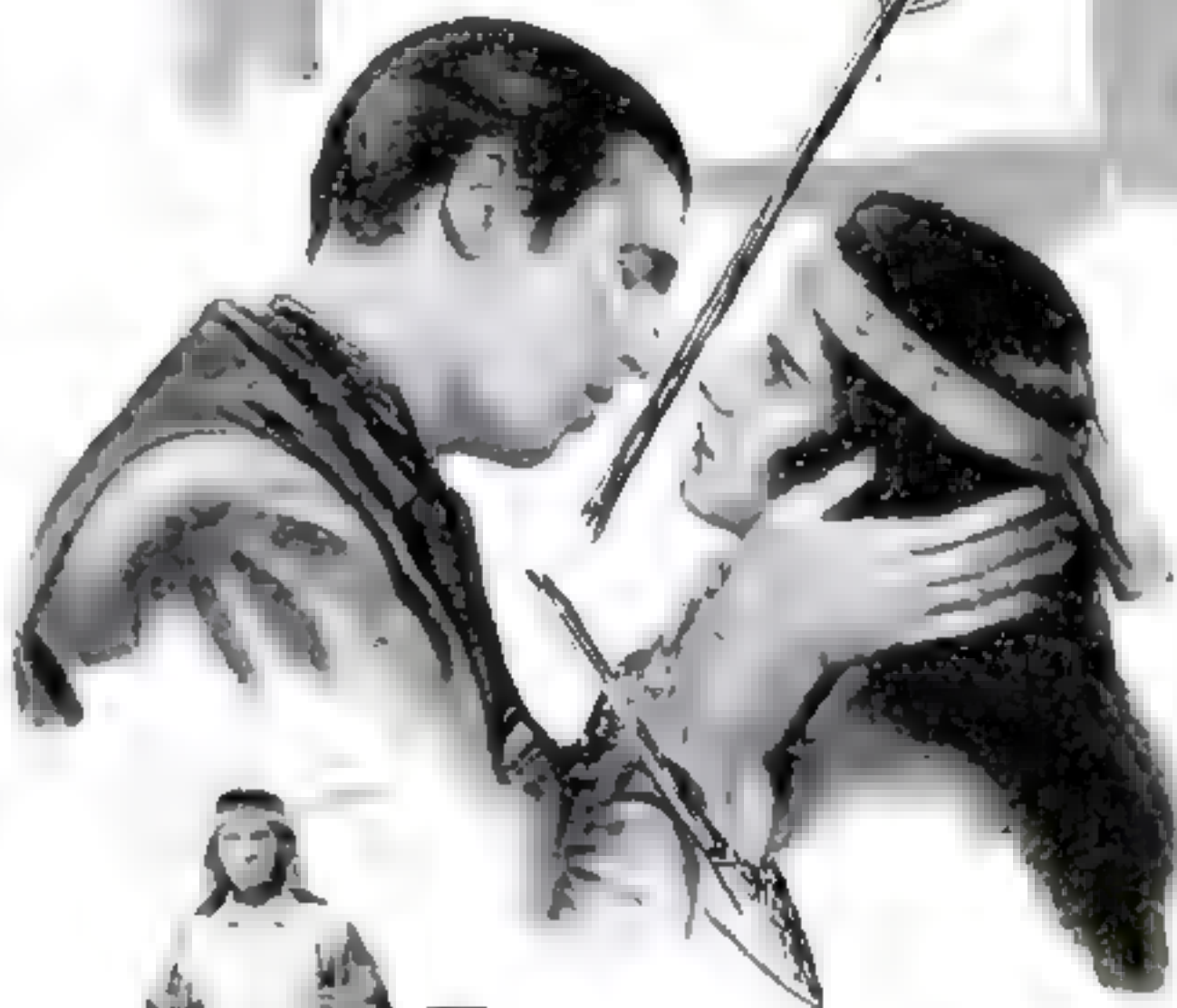
First U.S. infantry outfit to shed blood in the Korean war was the 24th "Victory" Division, three of whose men are shown aboard a jeep in Korea. Last week the men of the 24th fought heroically to hold the key city of Taejon against superior Communist forces, then were forced to retreat under murderous fire after their communications broke down, their commander was reported missing (p. 26) and the enemy had surrounded and infiltrated the town. Organized in 1921 as the Hawaiian Division, it was renamed the 24th in 1941 and some of its elements were bombed at Pearl Harbor. It won its nickname for helping liberate the Philippines in 1944.

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"Nothing can
change our love...
neither the color
of your skin—
nor mine!"



For the first time, the
screen portrays the poignant
love story of a white man
and an Indian girl that broke
all barriers of color and hate.

Twentieth Century-Fox presents

JAMES STEWART in BROKEN ARROW TECHNICOLOR

with JEFF CHANDLER • DEBRA PAGET
Directed by DELMER DAVES • Produced by JULIAN BLAUSTEIN
Screen Play by Michael Blankfort • Based on the Novel "Blood Brother" by ELLIOTT ARNOLD



Here's One Important Way— **TO FIGHT POLIO, KEEP HANDS REALLY CLEAN!**

Public Health
Authorities
Urge This
Care!

READ!

Advice on Care of Children

"Now, as never before... cleanliness is of extreme importance. Every child... should have at least one bath a day.

"BUT CLEAN HANDS ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN CLEAN FEET!" Every child should wash his hands before

every meal or snack.

"He should, he must, wash hands after going to toilet.

"Mothers... should wash their hands before feeding children.

"Hands may carry polio infection into the body through the mouth.

—From Health officials' statements published during 1949 Polio epidemic.

ORDINARY WASH-UPS MISS MUCH DIRT BUT **LAVA** SOAP GETS HANDS TRULY CLEAN... LIGHTNING-FAST!

Swiftly routs the ground-in grime... washes hands cleaner, faster, than ordinary toilet soaps ever can. Yet **LAVA SOAP** is amazingly gentle... even for women or toddlers!

There is nothing medicinal about LAVA Soap. But its hygienic value is vital, because it gets hands really clean... extra clean... extra fast! Such a simple, easy precaution... yet so important!

LAVA Soap has special, super-swift action. Its rich, creamy lather contains 50,000 tiny, dirt-lifting cleaners per inch. They loosen and rout dirt out of skin-creases... around the finger-nails and knuckle-wrinkles.

Yet LAVA is amazingly gentle, even for women's skin. It contains the same soothing ingredient as costly hand-lotions.

It's so easy—with LAVA—to be sure of clean hands. True, if you wash long and hard enough, any good soap can clean hands.

But LAVA routs the ground-in grime... gets dirtiest hands cleaner, quicker, than ordinary soaps can. Get LAVA Soap today... and be sure of **CLEAN** hands!



©1950,
The Procter
& Gamble Co.



GROUND-IN GREASE—STURBORN GRIME... in 30 to 50 seconds LAVA has it out, off, down the drain—hands really **CLEAN!**

During the Polio months, **CLEAN HANDS** are a first Precaution!

ALL HANDS NEED **LAVA** SOAP!

the good gray bar with the snowy, creamy, clean-up lather!



AT ABERDEEN PROVING GROUNDS ORDNANCE MEN WATCH LOW-SILOUETTED RUSSIAN T-34 TANK IN TEST WITH U.S. PATTON (LEFT), PERSHING AND SHERMAN

THE U.S. TRIES TO CATCH UP ON TANKS

The first shocking reports of the invasion in South Korea told of the terror struck by Red tanks. To Americans who recalled the glory of Patton's triumphant armored slashes across France and Germany, it seemed incredible. Then came reports that missiles from our old-style bazookas glanced off the invading tanks like rifle fire. It soon appeared that the North Koreans were mounting fast, formidable Russian T-34s, a weapon to make the U.S. search its own capacity to match the enemy's armored warfare.

The truth was that we were caught short. Five years of peacetime thinking and economy had left the U.S. with new improved tanks—on paper and in test—but none on hand in the Far East to throw into the sudden and crucial battle. Whether the U.S. military adviser to Korea who had said that armor could not operate there could explain his error or not, the U.S. now had to fight a superior tank.

What could we do about it? At the Aberdeen, Md. proving grounds last week a LIFE photographer and reporter saw the T-34 (above) outrun and outmaneuver the U.S. Pershing and Sherman tanks which are now moving

with our harassed divisions in Korea. While a few of our improved Patton M-46 tanks presumably were on the way west, and test models of other tanks might be rushed into production, it was scant comfort in view of the fact that the Russian army, mindful of World War II lessons, had its immense army equipped with the T-34 and the heavier Joseph Stalin III.

For the Pattons the U.S. could thank General Jacob Devers (now retired) who in 1946 insisted that the Army adopt a long-range tank development program. Operating under a frugal budget, Army ordnance developed the Patton and test models like the 25-ton T-41, (75-mm. gun) which need yield to nothing in existence. But test models don't fight.

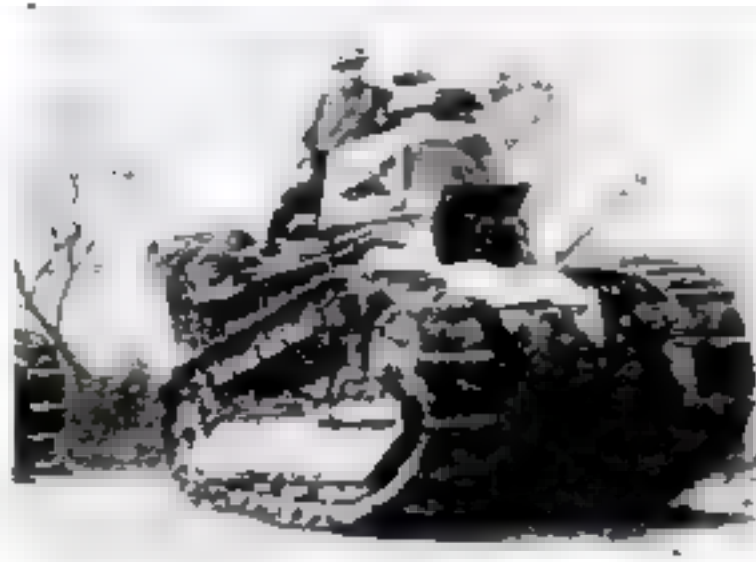
Last week the American driver of a T-34 at Aberdeen wiped his face and said, "This little Russky model doesn't wait for nobody." Our fighters in Korea, who knew as much, waited hopefully for the arrival of Pattons, or something like what we have in blueprints. LIFE on the following pages presents the history of tanks and tank warfare, and shows what the U.S. is doing to regain superiority in armored warfare.



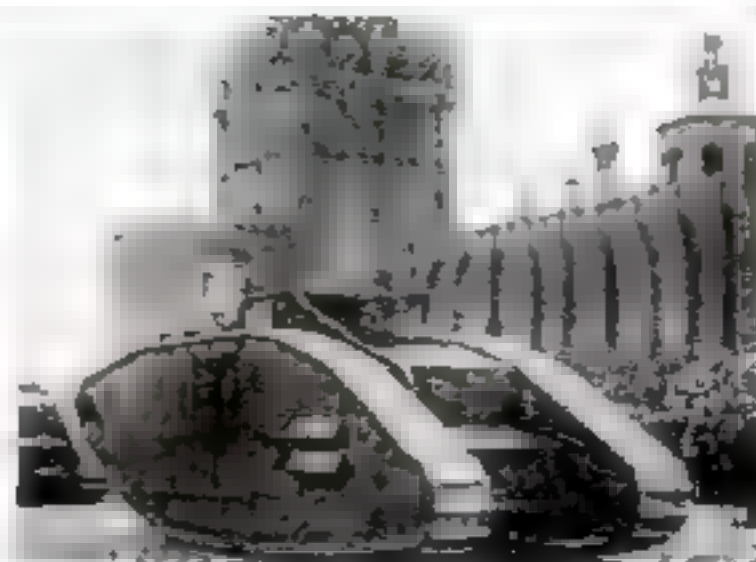
ON SOUTH KOREAN ROAD SIT RUSSIAN T-34s, SEEN FROM U.S. PLANE



FIRST TANK was British. Mechanically weak, armed with machine guns, it saw action in 1916, broke stalemate of trench warfare.



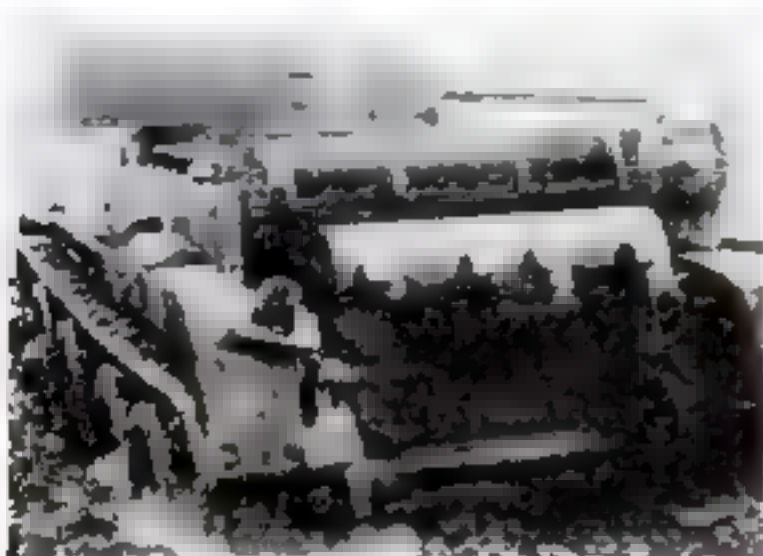
FRENCH WHIPPET, high-domed design, penetrated German artillery positions and divisional command posts in 1918 offensive.



RUSSIAN MONSTER copied typical unwieldy design of other nations' tanks. It is shown proudly parading in Moscow in 1925.



JAPANESE developed lighter tanks, used them successfully in 1931 in close support of its infantry in Manchuria.



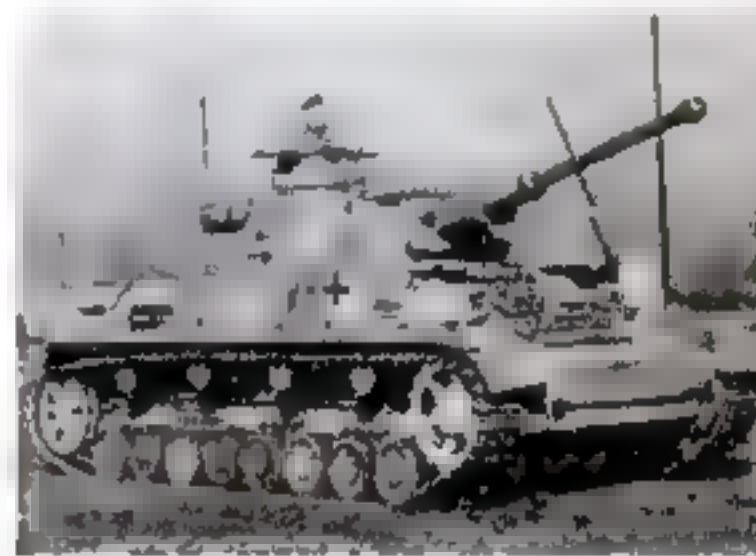
FINNISH SNOWS stopped high Russian tanks in 1939. Russians learned lesson, designed wide-treaded, low-silhouetted T-34.



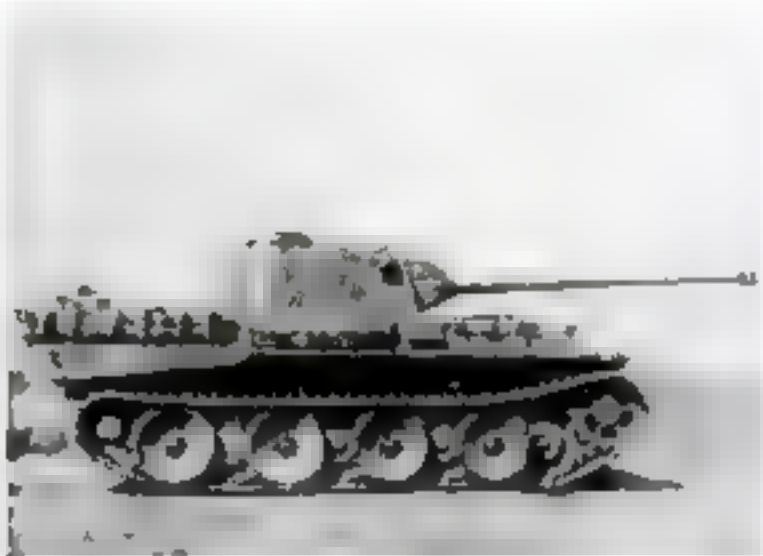
LIGHT TANK was still favorite in the late '30s with the U.S. Army. This tank had high silhouette, light guns and plenty of speed.



ANTITANK GUN (37 mm.) was the first U.S. weapon designed for use against armor, and in 1938 it was considered unbeatable.



GERMAN MARK IV led the Panzer divisions through Europe. It was a 25-ton machine, mounting a 75-mm. gun.



GERMAN PANTHER was the next major step in tank development. Built in 1943, it mounted 88-mm. gun, had low silhouette.



TANK DESTROYER was big U.S. innovation for fighting tanks. Built on a Sherman frame, this early M-10 mounted 76-mm. gun.



RUSSIAN 85-mm. antitank gun, shown in Moscow's Red Square last year, is the best Red army weapon for knocking out tanks.



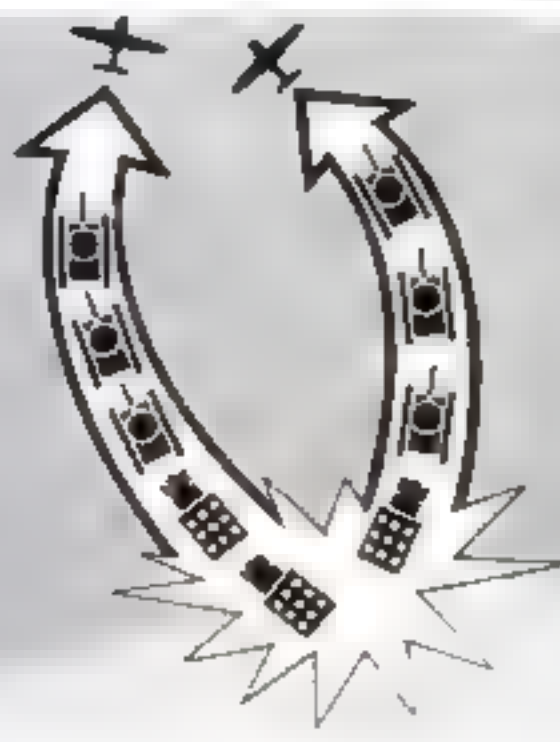
FIRST U.S. BAZOOKA (2.36 in.) can penetrate 5 inches of armor at 50 yards, was ineffective against T-34 in Korea.

BORN A CLUMSY BRUTE, THE TANK TODAY SPEARHEADS LAND WARFARE

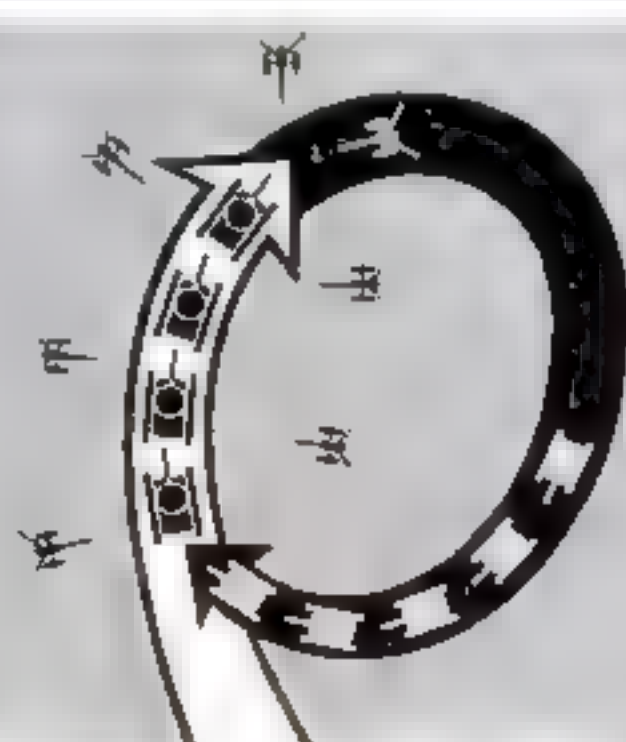
"There is no such thing as 'tank country' in a restrictive sense. Some types of country are better than others, but tanks have and can operate anywhere." The statement was typical of the unfettered thinking that made the late General George S. Patton Jr. a good general as well as his country's greatest tank soldier. When the tank lumbered on stage as a new weapon in World War I (top left), not all generals knew what to make of it. They put it to primitive



IN SPAIN Axis tanks and infantry struck at defenses (foreground), while dive bombers (background) hit enemy artillery; then tanks and infantry broke through.



NAZI BLITZKRIEG was spearheaded by dive bombers. Tanks smashed narrow hole in defense line, and poured through at great speed, leading infantry (rear) on trucks.



DESERT WARFARE brought ambush of British column (white arrow) by Rommel (black arrow), who led them into nest of 88s. He circled to hit their rear.



ARMORED CARS were U.S. experiment in the '30s. They were believed to have future as reconnaissance vehicles.



CHRISTIE TANK, U.S. idea was used in Spain by Germans, Russians. Reds experimented with its wheels which need no treads.



DRAGON-TOOTHED Maginot Line was thought safe against tanks by French who forgot Foch's advice not to hide in trenches.



MOLOTOV COCKTAIL (gasoline bottle) was conceived by Loyalists in Spain. Here U.S. troops practice its use at Fort Knox, Ky.



SOUND ANTITANK weapon was the German 88, a dual-purpose gun which was elevated to blast airplanes as well.



GENERAL GRANT was first serious U.S. step toward a modern tank, but was too high, too slow and had too narrow a gun traverse.



CRUSADER was Britain's first step in the same direction. Better than Grant, it was low and had powerful gun to challenge Rommel.



SHERMAN TANK, though inferior to the German models, was produced by U.S. in great quantity, had respectable 75-mm. gun.



ROCKETS fired by plane (a U.S. F-47 is shown here) is a major advance in hitting tanks, first developed by British.



NEW BAZOOKA (3.5 inch) has maximum effective 900-yard range, fires missile penetrating 11-inch armor, is a godsend in Korea.



NAPALM, the new jellied gasoline bomb, is dropped by low-level airplane, roasts the tank crew and burns out the tank's ignition.



STALIN III TANK is Russia's biggest (57 tons). Not yet reported in action in Korea, this heavy, low tank mounts a 122-mm. gun.

uses of bowling through barbed wire, thought of it as a mobile pillbox, surmised that it might replace cavalry. Both the tank and the antitank weapons shown in the picture strips developed faster than the philosophy of tank strategy and tank tactics. But as generals began to grasp its possibilities the tank wrought a revolution in land warfare. Through wars and rehearsals for war, the theories, some of which are sketched below, settled into two patterns, the

Russian and the American (*diagrams at lower right*). Depending on terrain and nature of defense, either the Russian sledge hammer technique or the more flexible American one-two punch may work better. Sometimes the Russian is preferable for rough country; the American is better for flat terrain which lends itself to speed. From the war in Korea a refinement of one of these theories—or a new, improvised one—may evolve as a prevailing pattern for war on the land.



PATTON STYLE was to open a crack in the enemy defense, then to thrust hundreds of tanks through the breach and fan out while airplanes protected his flanks.



RUSSIAN BLUDGEON sandwiches infantry between medium and heavy tanks, employs heavy artillery pounding from rear to add power to steamroller type of offense.



NEW U.S. THEORY uses tank as part of fighting team. Infantry moves with small tank spearheads, artillery and air support. Strong tank thrust hits the enemy's flank.



TANK TRACK MEET at Army's Aberdeen proving grounds pits Russian vs. U.S. models. Here, in

"turnability" test, Russian T-34 (right) completes turn ahead of the U.S. Pershing (left) and Sherman



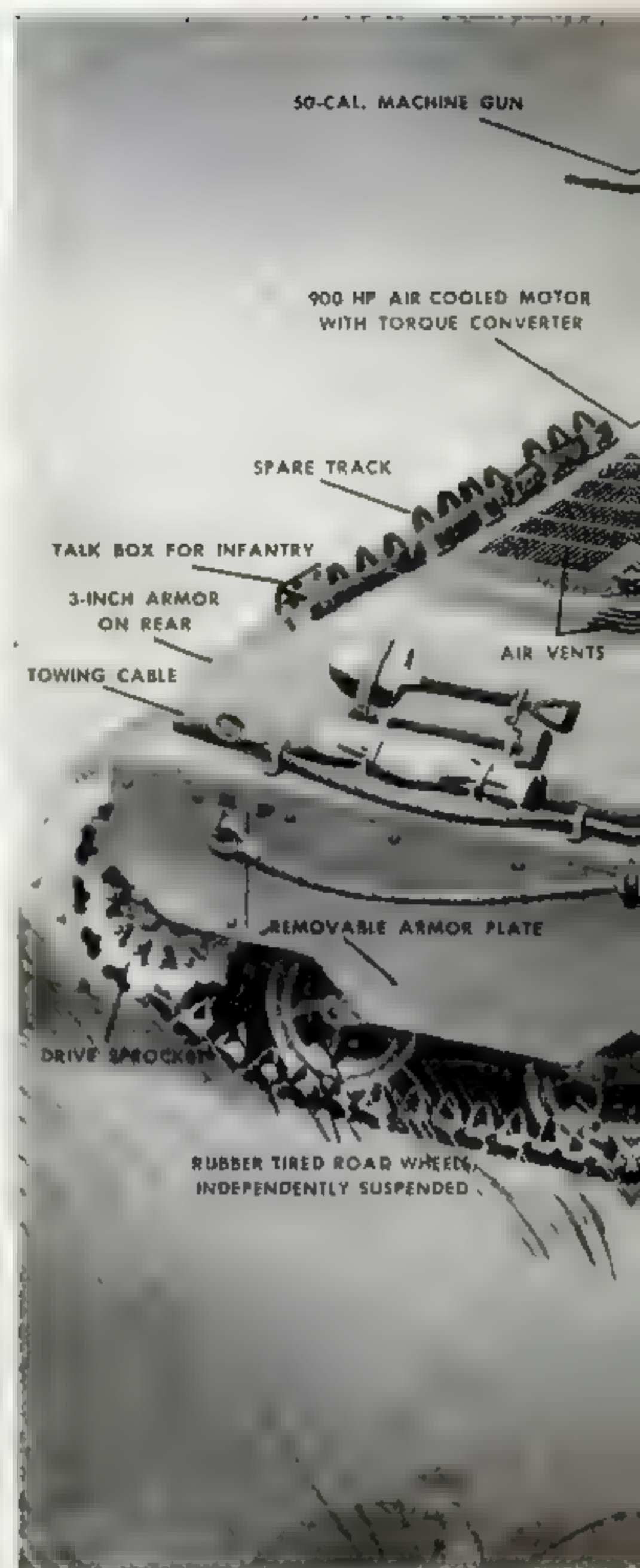
100-YARD RACE finds the versatile T-34 (right) overtaking and just about to pass the faster-starting

Sherman at halfway point. In another test, however, the T-34 was beaten by the more powerful Patton.



MUDDY FIELD RACE shows the Pershing (left) and the Sherman near starting line, plowing ahead

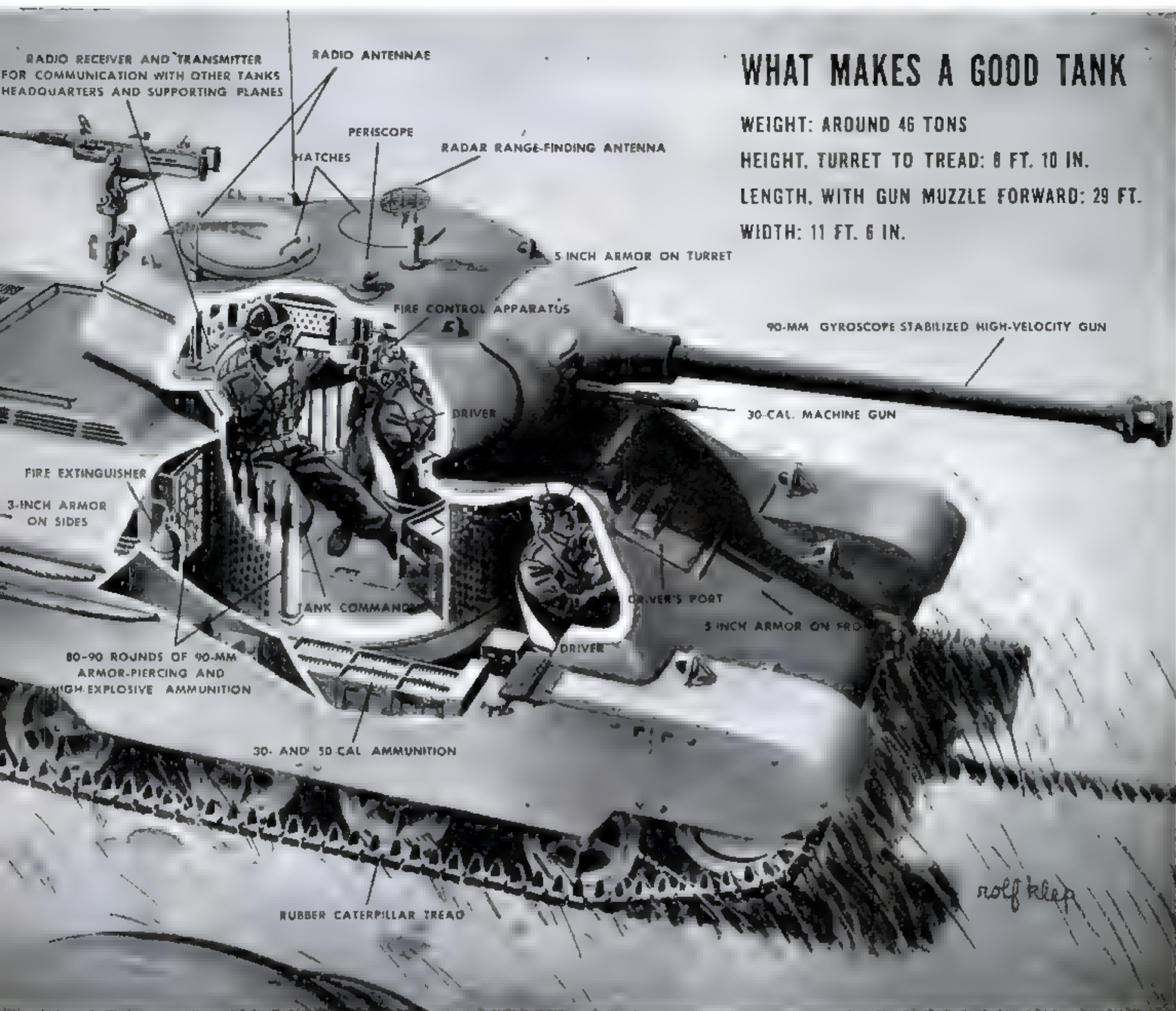
of T-34 (right). But the stubborn, broader-treaded Russian tank again came from behind to finish first.



IDEAL TANK IS LOW,

The drawing on this page shows a tank that nobody possesses or will ever build. This ideal tank will remain on paper because you can't get everything into any one tank. Every new model is a composite of scores of compromises. The arguments over speed, armor, firepower, tread and so on are suspended when a design is "frozen" for production; then the arguments inevitably resume. The mythical tank shows some of the things that Russian and U.S. tankmen would like to have; the pictures at the left show three tanks they actually have and how they stack up against each other in speed and maneuverability.

The Russian T-34 was the best tank to come out of World War II. It weighs 33 tons, is low, mobile, heavily gunned, lightly armored. It is faster and deadlier (with an 86-mm. gun) than the U.S. Sherman (75-mm.) which was useful in the war as long as we had strong numerical superiority and employed it against soft spots and around enemy flanks. The U.S. Pershing,



WHAT MAKES A GOOD TANK

WEIGHT: AROUND 46 TONS

HEIGHT, TURRET TO TREAD: 8 FT. 10 IN.

LENGTH, WITH GUN MUZZLE FORWARD: 29 FT.

WIDTH: 11 FT. 6 IN.

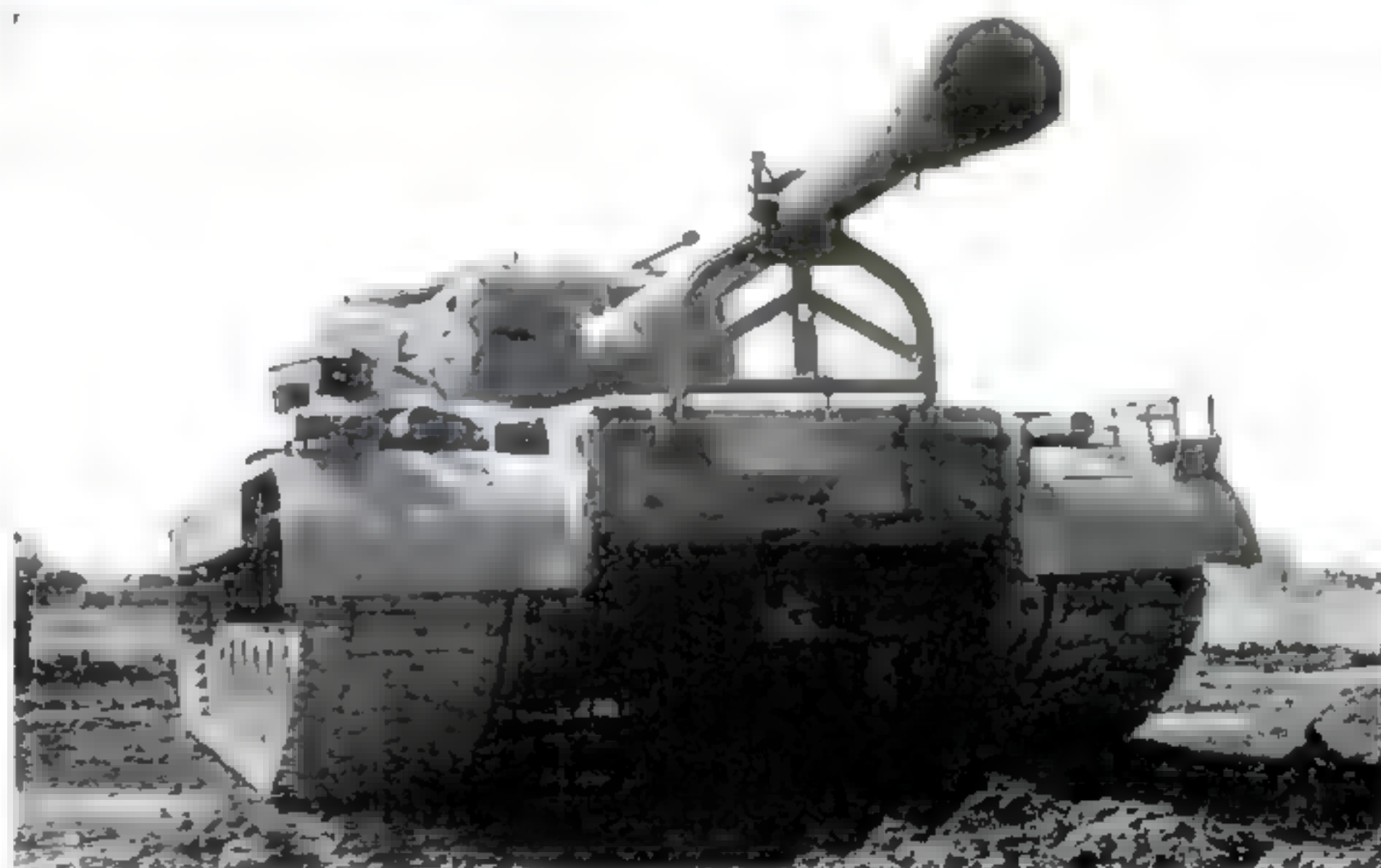
COMPOSITE TANK in drawing above combines some of best U.S. and Russian ideas. Low silhouette

is the most valuable Russian contribution. American features include 90-mm. gun, air-cooled motor.

HAS A POWERFUL GUN

appearing toward the war's end, got a 90-mm. gun, lower silhouette and heavier armor. The liquid-cooled motor, however, remained at an insufficient 500 hp.

In the 48-ton Patton (p. 18), the belated U.S. answer to the T-34, tank crews will have a compact 810-hp air-cooled engine compared to the T-34's 500-hp diesel. In flotation (ability to get over wet, damp, soft terrain like Korea's) the T-34 has the edge because of its wider treads. However, the Patton will make faster, smoother turns, which can be equally important. The Patton advances the kind of design initiated by the Germans and improved by the Russians. Its silhouette has been lowered to 9 feet, 1 inch, and it has added speed (35 mph on the open road). It also demonstrates that the U.S. and Russia agree on two factors: 1) that a tank must be built around its gun, and 2) that it should have speed and mobility even at the sacrifice of armor protection. The Patton should be the world's best medium tank—for the time being.



EXPERIMENTAL TANK with its 155-mm. gun is shown at Detroit arsenal where it is now considered

obsolete. A 70-tonner, this T-30 was designed so as to give U.S. a heavy equal to the Russian 57-ton Stalin.



CLIMBING THROUGH THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS SOUTH OF DENVER, A LOCOMOTIVE OF THE COLORADO & SOUTHERN RAILROAD THROWS A HIGH

A DAY'S PRECIOUS PRODUCTION of powerful 48-ton Patton tank (*front ground*) and the 25-ton Chaifee (*rear*) is mounted on flatcars and pulled out of the

Army's tank arsenal at Detroit at end of 16-hour shift. Only recently has Army obtained funds to produce the Patton, a postwar tank mounting a 90-mm gun.





PLUME OF SMOKE AS IT HAULS A LINE OF SHERMAN TANKS ON THE LAST LEG OF THEIR JOURNEY TO A PACIFIC COAST PORT FOR SHIPMENT TO FAR EAST

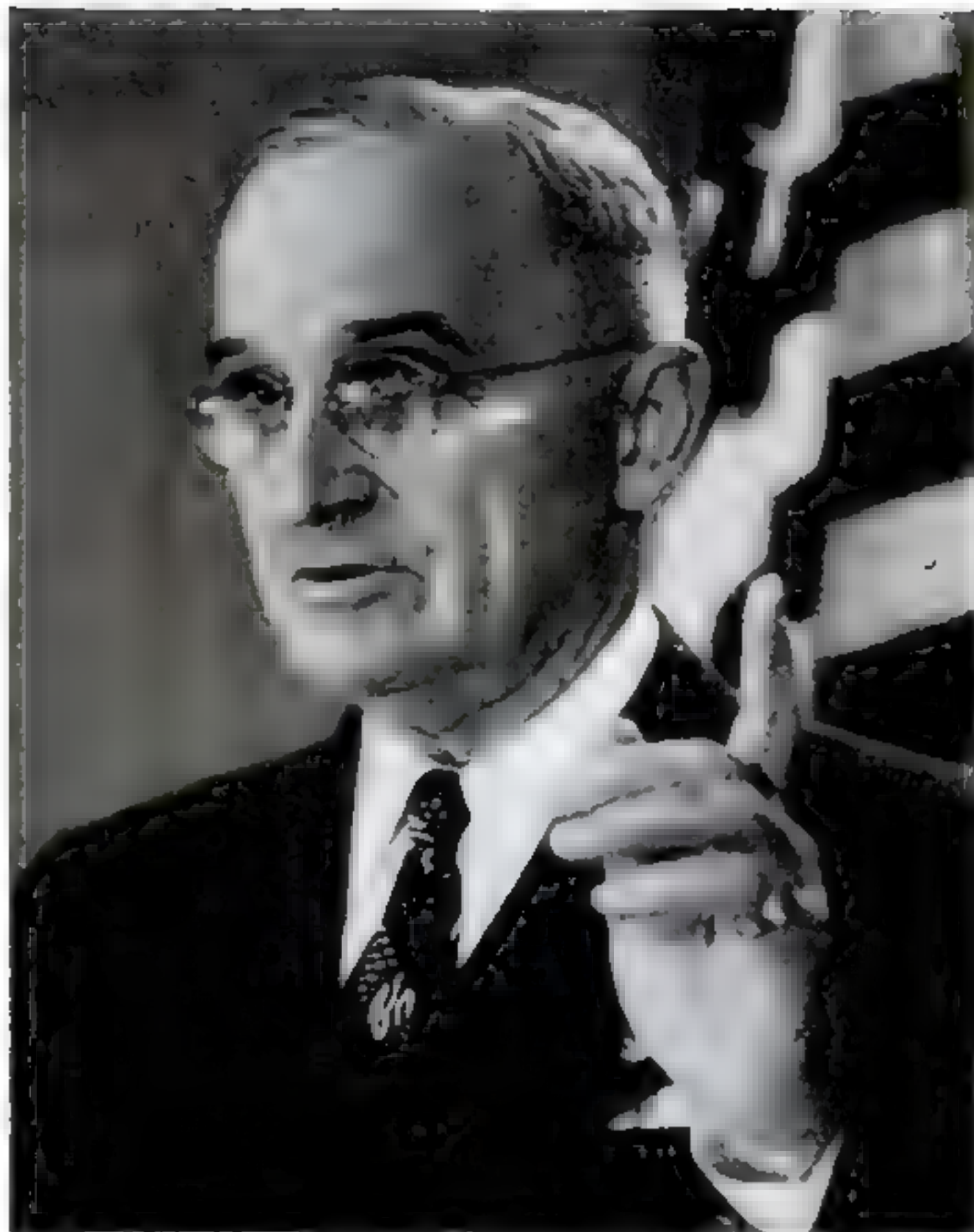
NATION'S SECRET TANK, T 11, is shown under canvas wrap with designers (from left) Veteran Engineers Joseph Proske, W. J. Brown, Warren Preston. The

T 11 will soon have a permanent M (for Mark) designation. U. S. uses the letter T for temporary or experimental models; in Russian usage it stands for any tank.





GENERAL BRADLEY, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, walks to White House carrying a big map board of the Korean situation to show to the Cabinet. At 9:30 every morning he briefs President Truman on latest news of the fighting.



THE PRESIDENT GESTURES FOR TELEVISION AUDIENCE AS HE BEGINS TALK

WASHINGTON WEARS

The strain of converting U.S. from peace to war

In Washington last week congressmen called in admirals and generals to ask, in new tones of respect, how much money they now needed to win in Korea. The Pentagon inked its mimeograph machines to cut new orders for men and materials. Hotels were crowded with businessmen, in town early to line up war-production contracts. President Truman sent a message to Congress asking for \$10 billion for defense and authority to set up priorities on war materials. That night he solemnly warned by radio and television that the time for sacrifices of men and money had come. As the nation's gears shifted from peace to police action to full-scale war, the men faced with the hard task of shifting them began to look tired and harried.



VICE PRESIDENT Barkley mops his brow after attending a two-hour Cabinet meeting at the White House.



ATTORNEY GENERAL McGrath is tight-lipped as he leaves the White House after reading Truman speech.



BEFORE TRUMAN'S SPEECH SECRETARY OF STATE ACHESON LOOKS SOLEMN

A LOOK OF CONCERN

brings harried expressions to the men in charge

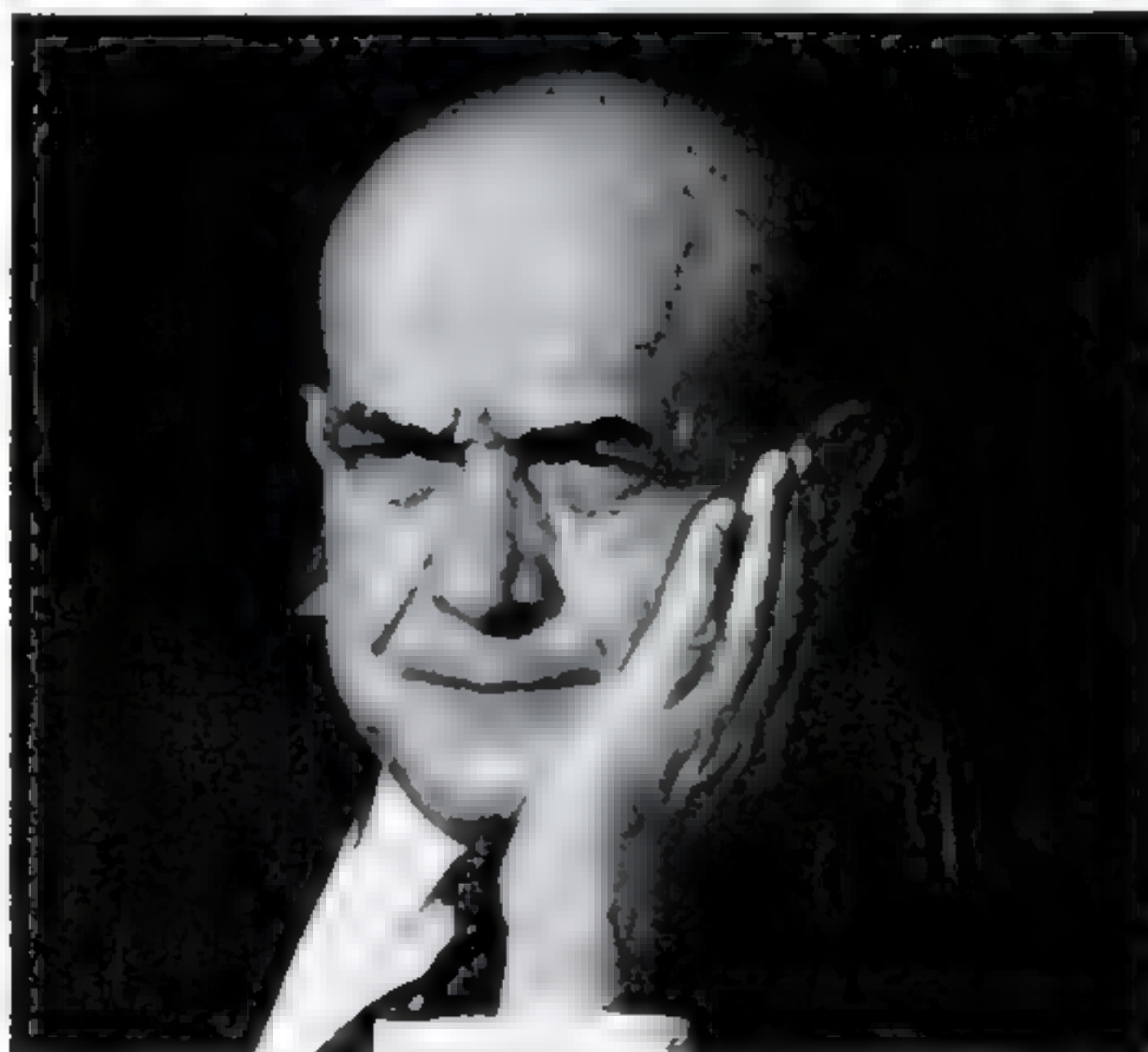
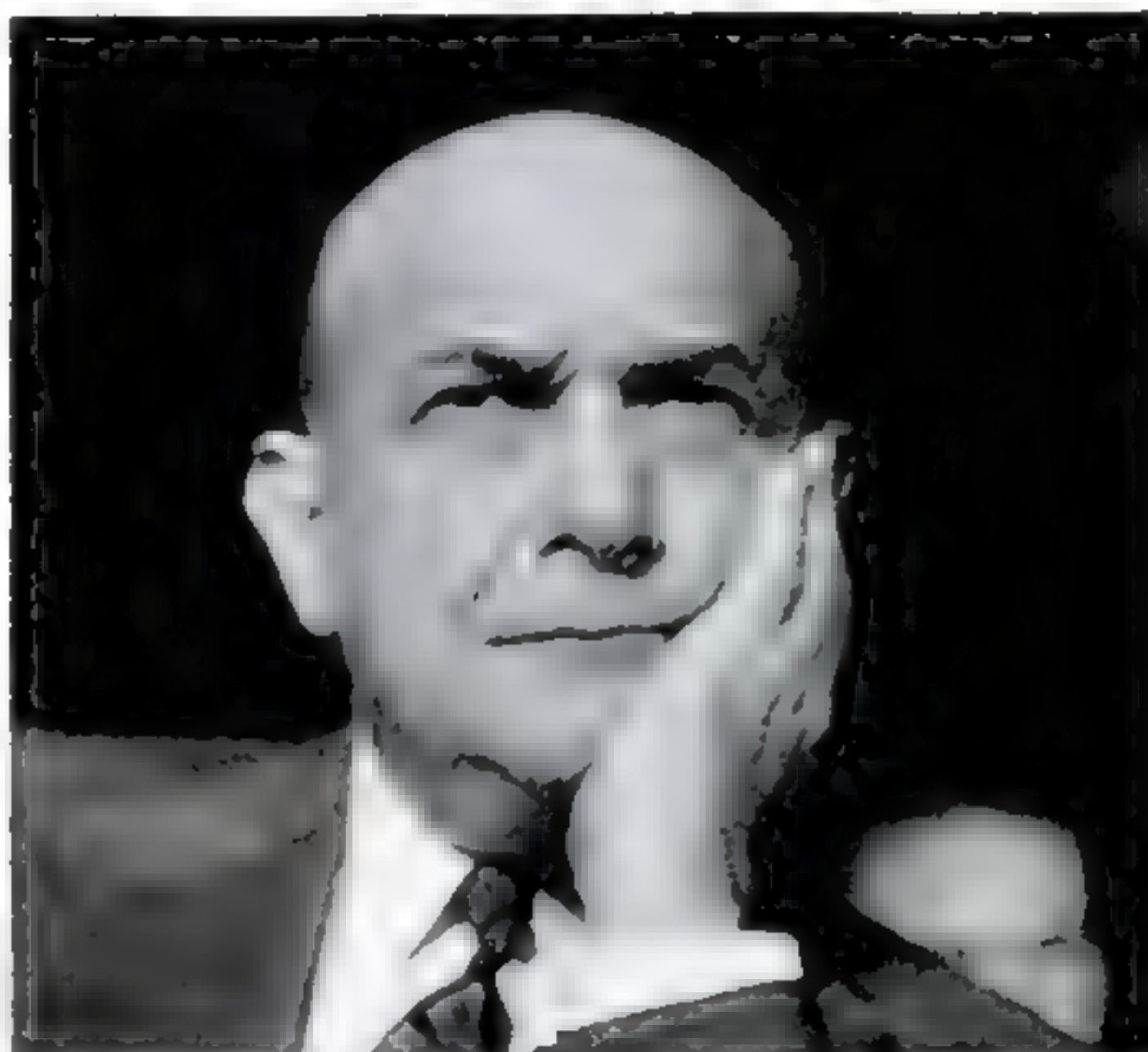
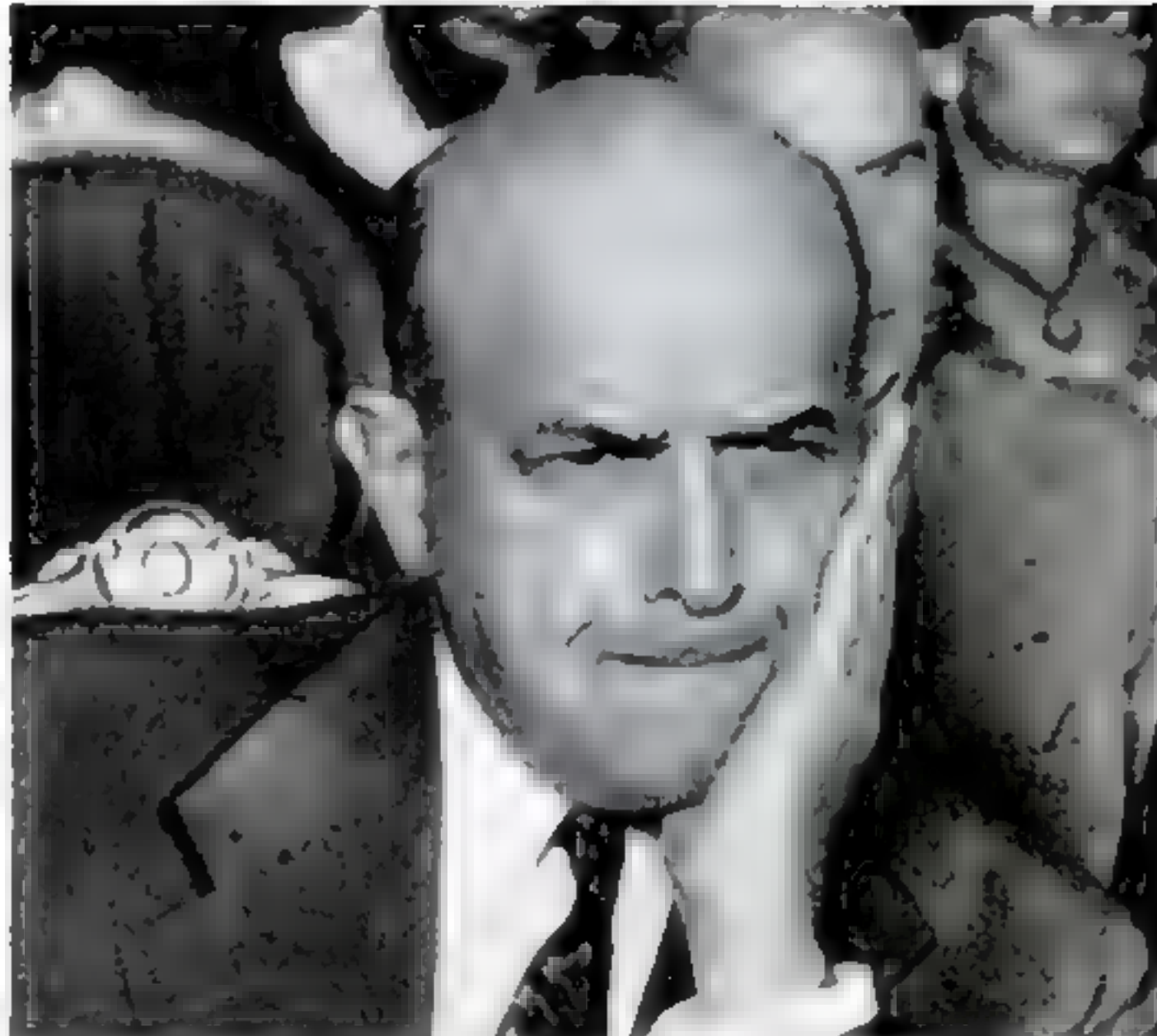
The gears were now turning fast in the military machine bossed by Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson, who had stubbornly insisted until the very day the North Koreans attacked that the U.S. was ready for any trouble that came its way. He did not have to eat his words; they were being eaten for him. The Marine Corps, which Johnson had trimmed and snubbed, gave 47,000 of its reserves 10 days to wind up their civilian affairs and report for duty. The Navy hastily called up 39,000 members of its Air Reserve. Nearly everyone in Washington was working overtime in a last-minute attempt to see that the U.S. attained, one of these days, the fighting shape Louis Johnson had cockily said it was in five months ago.



COMMERCE SECRETARY Sawyer leaves White House after planning economic legislation with President.



RESOURCES BOSS Symington, at the Truman broadcast, is responsible for the mobilization of U.S. industry.



A MAN WHO SHOULD WORRY, Secretary Johnson, looks as if he is doing it. He bites his lip and furrows his brow in an expression of intense concern as he sits in the White House projection room at the broadcast of President Truman's talk.



LEAVING JAPAN for unknown destination, soldiers of 1st Cavalry crowd transport's rail for last look at the dock.



STILL IN THE DARK about mission, GIs read about war they were too young to serve in.



SMOKESCREEN is laid down by transport en route to Korea during three-day journey from Japanese mainland.

YANKS HIT A BEACH IN KOREA

The 1st Cavalry lands without opposition after a 700-mile voyage to reinforce U.S. defenses and provide first good news of the war

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY CARL MYDANS

The departure of the convoy from Japan was strangely informal. Wives and children saw the men off, and a band played *The Washington Post March*. Aboard four transports, guarded by Navy warships, was the Army's famed 1st Cavalry ("Hell for Leather") Division. Only a few of the officers knew the convoy's destination though it was obvious, even to Japanese fishermen in the Shimonoseki Strait, that the troops were bound for Korea.

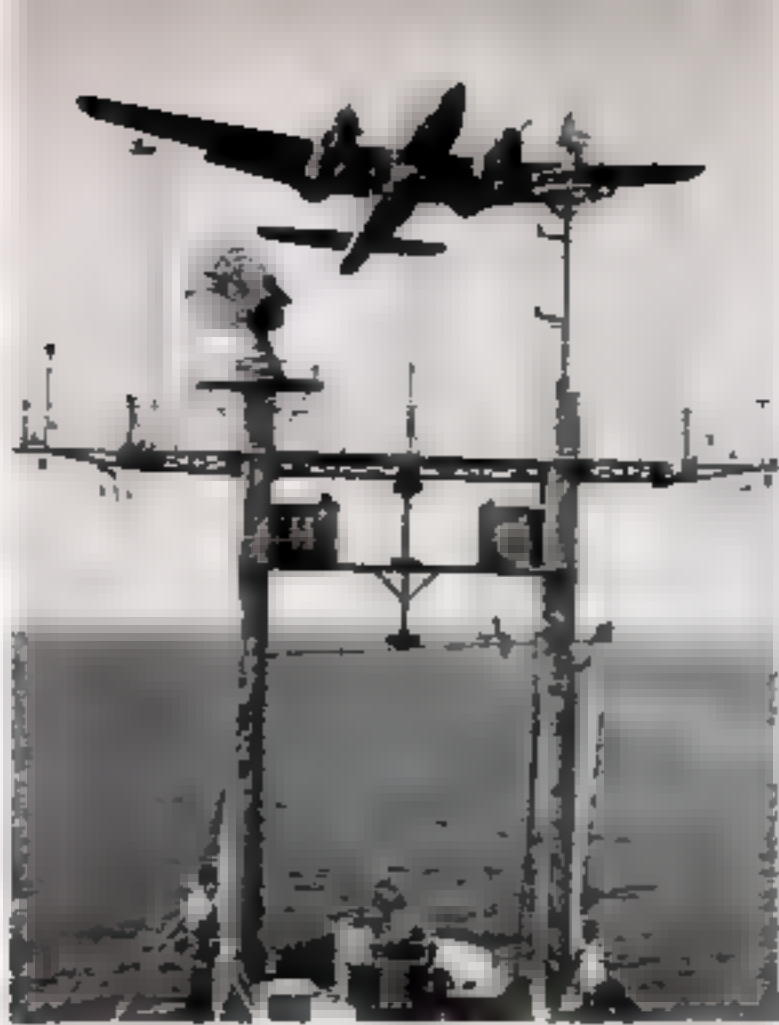
They landed on the morning of July 18 at the smelly little town of P'ohang tong on Korea's

AT DAWN ON JULY 18 P'OHANG-DONG'S HARBOR IS DOTTED WITH LANDING CRAFT READY TO TAKE MEN ASHORE. A SCOUTING PARTY WHICH WENT IN EARLIER

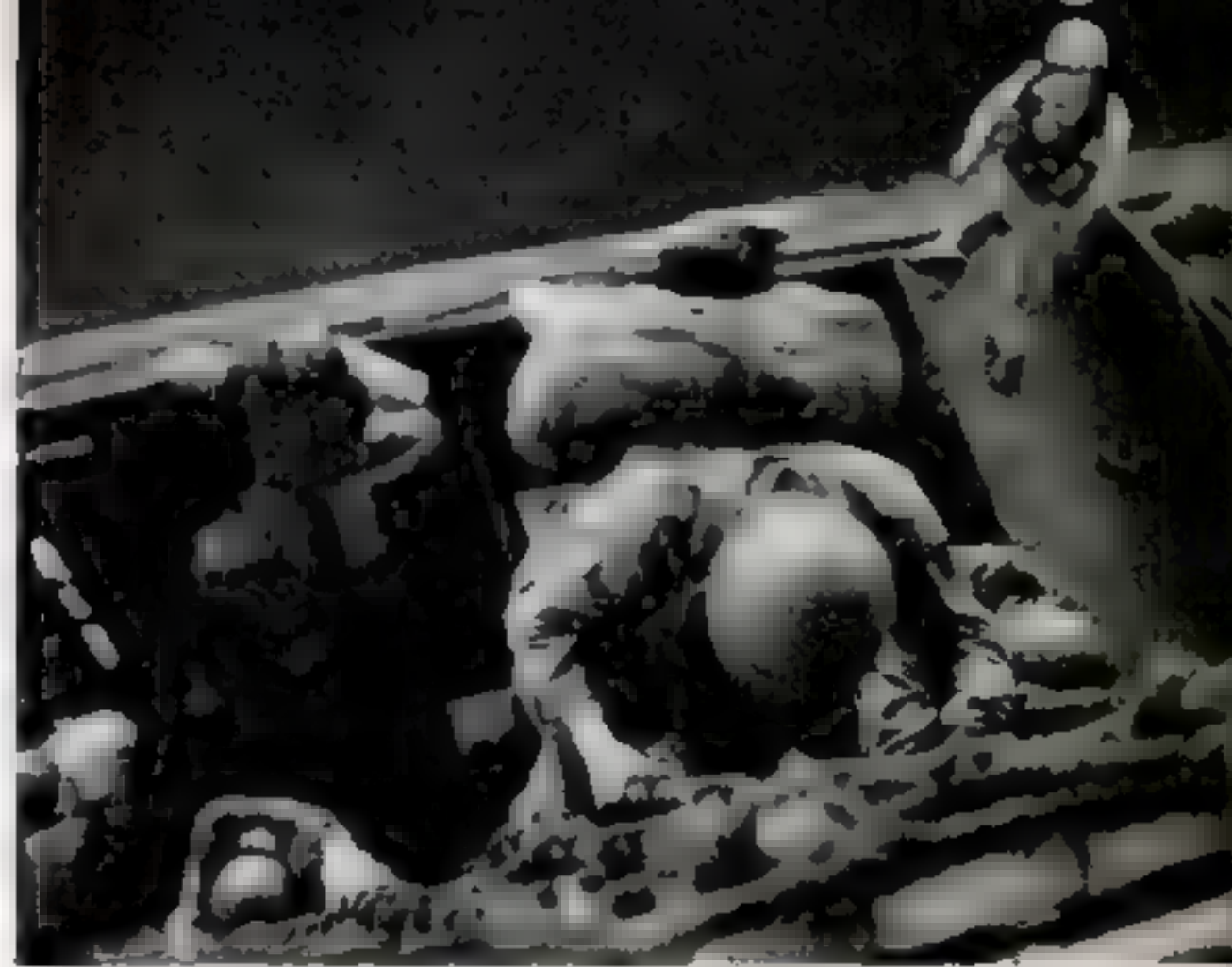




COMMANDERS, 1st Cavalry's General Hobart R. Gay (left), Rear Admiral J. H. Doyle, discuss typhoon menace



MESSAGE IS DROPPED by Navy plane. Sack missed ship, was picked up by destroyer.

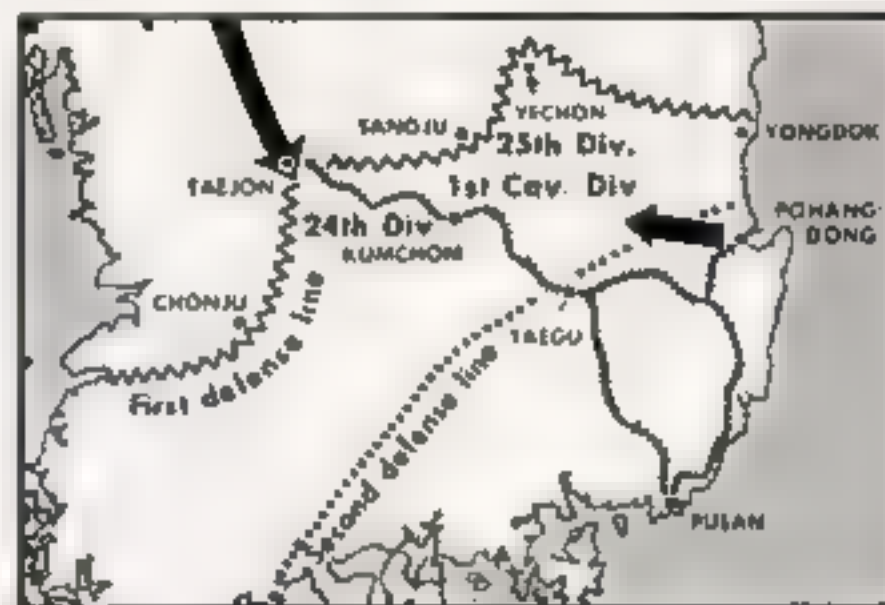


OVER THE SIDE of transport battle-dressed GIs board landing craft for a short ride to the beach at P'ohang-dong.

southeast coast, after a 700-mile voyage made uneasy by the presence of Russian submarines and the approach of a typhoon. There was no opposition on the beach; in fact a secret airstrip was already laid out nearby. Only 10% of the division had combat experience. But others started learning fast after they hurried west to reinforce the 24th Division (cover) southeast of Taejon.

This sounded good to an American public absolutely starved for hopeful news from Korea. So did an announcement that Negro infantrymen of the U.S. 25th Division had won a battle

at the town of Yechon (map at right represents battle lines as of July 22). There was also some bad news. The 24th Division got badly mauled when it gave up Taejon and its commander was missing (p. 26). U.S. and South Korean troops were still numerically inferior to the Communists, who were attacking with 75,000 men. But the U.S. had served notice that it could land troops anywhere, that it had not forgotten the leapfrog, amphibious techniques used so well by the Marines on Pacific islands during World War II. That made a lot of people feel better.

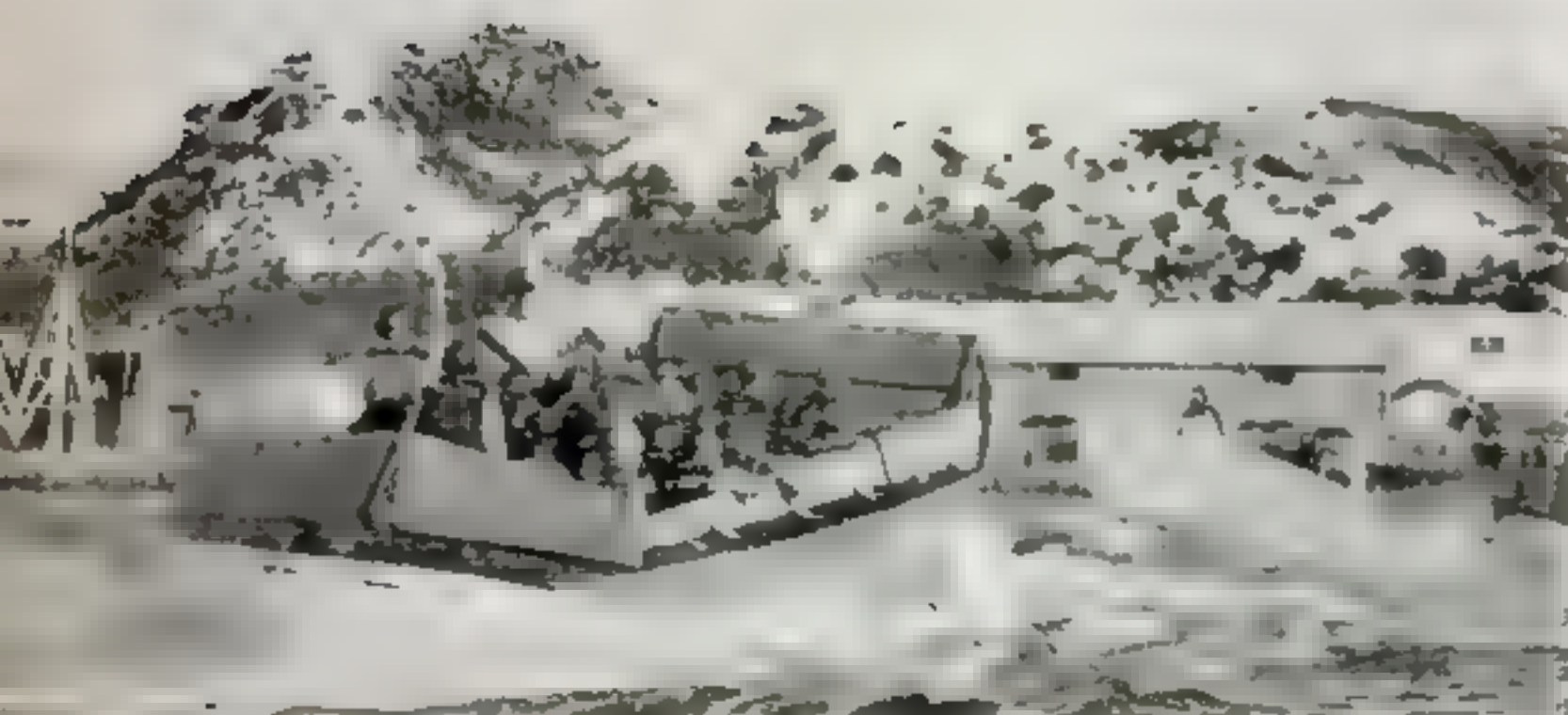


HAD ALREADY REPORTED THERE WAS NO OPPOSITION. THIS WAS FASTEST AMPHIBIOUS LANDING IN HISTORY: IT WAS PLANNED AND STAGED IN 10 DAYS





ON A JETTY LEADING TO A HARBOR BEACH AT P'OHANG-DONG, AN LST DISGORGES 1st CAVALRY GIs WHO WALK ASHORE WITHOUT GETTING FEET WET



JAMMED WITH MEN, an LCVP speeds ashore. Lack of opposition was especially fortunate since task force was in no shape for sharply contested beachhead.



JEEPS ARE UNLOADED from LCT with help of Koreans. They also helped build airbase near P'ohang-dong where fighters operated even before the landing.



IDENTIFICATION is worn by U.S. flyer at base. Sign, in Korean, asks help should he be shot down.



GIs MARCH THROUGH TOWN TO TAKE POSITIONS IN HILLS. A FEW KOREANS STARED FROM WINDOWS



IDENTIFICATION is worn by U.S. flyer at base. Sign, in Korean, asks help should he be shot down.



GRIM GI stands by tank-busting 75-mm. recoil-less rifles as men and equipment build up on beach.



SMILING GI, William King of Jersey City, has a cigaret on beach as he awaits orders to push inland.



DEAN AS HE LOOKED AT THE FRONT ON JULY 8

THE STORY OF A SOLDIER

General Dean, missing in action, had said: "I just got me a tank!"

When casualty lists are announced they seldom carry the names of generals because a commanding officer of a large force is usually more useful back where he can see the forest without the trees getting in the way. But Major General William F. Dean seemed able to fight at the head of his troops—the old concept of generalship—and to direct them at the same time. Last week General Dean was listed as missing in action in Korea. When last seen he was passing ammunition to a bazooka team trying to stop enemy tanks moving through Taejon. He appeared to be wounded, but he shouted jubilantly: "I just got me a tank!" A few days earlier he had led a rescue party through heavy machine-gun and rifle fire to help a colonel and his handful of men out of a trap of blazing roadblocks. To men who had known General Dean in World War II none of

this was surprising. As assistant commander of the 44th Infantry Division near Enchenberg, France, in December 1944—to quote from the citation accompanying his D.S.C.—"He personally led an infantry platoon through one concentration of artillery fire after another and succeeded in destroying the opposing enemy batteries."

In 1945 he was raised to the rank of major general, and in 1947 he became military governor of South Korea and served there until South Korean independence was inaugurated in August 1948. He returned from Japan as commander of the 24th Infantry Division when the current fighting broke out. An affable man who enjoyed tennis and family life, he had never gone to West Point. The pictures on this page show some of the incidents in his fine career and suggest the nature of the officer and the man.



AS A CHILD of 3, he poses gravely with mother. His father was a dentist, and the family of five lived in Carlyle, Ill. where general was born in 1899.



IN R.O.T.C. UNIFORM Dean in 1920 tried to look soldierly at Univ. of California. After year of law school he joined the Army as 2nd lieutenant.



HIS BRIDE is shown in her wedding dress. They met at his first Army post, Fort Douglas near Salt Lake City. He was reassigned there a few years later.



ON LEAVE from Fort Douglas, he visited his mother in Berkeley, Calif. just before he went off to his next post at Camp Gaillard in the Canal Zone.



HOME AGAIN for another visit in 1931 he cuddled his son Bill Jr. (left) and a neighbor's child. Dean's daughter June is two years older than Bill.



IN EUROPE in World War II general stands beside his command car. Until now he had always been blond, but during war his hair turned white.



IN CHONJU the adaptable general sheds shoes, dons hat, squats on floor, does his social duty at a party given for him as Korea's military governor.



LAST CHRISTMAS Dean was photographed by family's tree with wife and son who went to high school in Japan, entered West Point this month.

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News!
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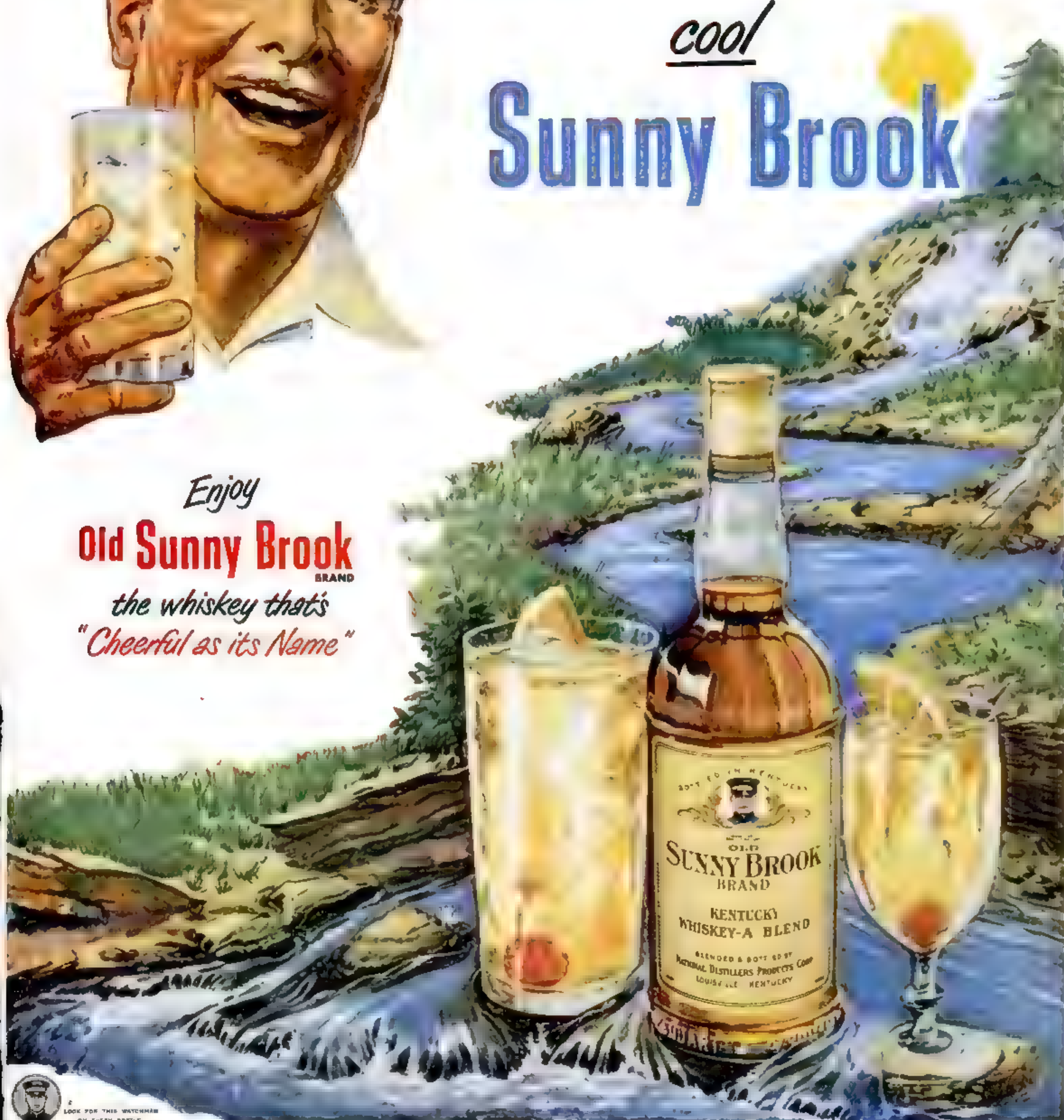
Attention, treasure-hunters! Other Cannon towel buys from about 39¢ to \$2.79, too!



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FIVE FECUND YEARS

THE RECORD OF 1945-50 SHOULD GIVE COURAGE FOR DAYS AHEAD



THE COMIC "MACBETH"

Shakespeare's *Macbeth* has been done as a comic book. The publishers offer it as a "contribution to the cause of 'better comics.'"

It's a good comic, all right. But what with daggers flashing all over the place and the three witches brewing an improbable hell's broth out of frogs and serpents, it looks—and reads—just like a lot of other, non-Shakespearean comics.

The moral? It can't be that Shakespeare is the author of another *Batman*, can it?

DISEASE FOR INDIVIDUALISTS

A 7-year-old boy dressed in a loin cloth and armed with a hunting knife was recently picked up near his home. When he proclaimed that he was a tree man from the African jungle he was taken to a children's hospital. A doctor examined him and pronounced that he was suffering from "an overdose of romanticism."

This amuses us, but it is the doctor we choose to laugh at, not the boy. For if the kid had been booted and spurred and armed with a six-shooter, if he had proclaimed that he was Hopalong Cassidy, Roy Rogers or the Lone Ranger, the doctor wouldn't have considered him suffering from anything at all. "Romanticism," it might be observed, is merely the illusion that has gone out of fashion. It is a disease which attacks only the imaginative individualist. If we were Tarzan in an age of Hopalong Cassidys and Lone Rangers we'd wear our medical report as a badge of honor.

Always before, between its wars, the U.S. has had long years of peace. This time, between V-J Day and Korea, there stretched but a scant five years. Hardly long enough, one would suppose, to catch one's breath, yet it was the most bountiful five-year period in U.S. history. Even if the little Korean war becomes a big war, the productive record of the past five years should give the U.S. courage to see the new logistical job through.

Summing it up in the future, the historian may visualize the interval between 1945 and 1950 as part of a New Age of Confidence. True enough, the American people were torn by doubts throughout the late '40s. But the doubts had to do with questions of cosmic fate and/or the Kremlin, not with themselves as Americans. World War II may have settled little or nothing about the division of the world between democracy and dictatorship, freedom and slavery, but it did restore the average American's confidence in the capabilities of his own hand and brain.

In 1945 the faint hearts who remembered there were still nine million unemployed in 1939 were predicting seven million unemployed by 1946. But nothing like that happened. Carried forward by the momentum engendered by World War II, the U.S. economy just refused to stop booming. It was not a bubble boom like the Dutch Tulip Craze or the U.S. Stock Market Rise of 1929; it was a solid production boom that went on and on and on. Stock market valuations took five years to catch up with it; reality always seemed to outdistance the speculator's imagination.

The figures for the five-year interval were fantastic by any previous standards. Take housing. Between V-J Day and D-Korea Day the U.S. people built some four million new homes for themselves. Sparked by easy credit, whole "Levittowns" and thousands of sprawly "ranch" houses went up in what had once been open country. The nation, which had spent half a century going from rural to urban patterns of life, went suburban practically overnight. People took to living in the sun along a 3½-million-mile highway system on which \$1.7 billion were spent in 1949 for new construction alone.

In Herbert Hoover's era ownership of two cars stamped a family as rich. Between 1945 and 1950 the two-car family was becoming a commonplace. Some 19.5 million new cars and trucks were registered between 1946 and 1950—and the market saturation point was not yet in sight. To keep cars on the roads new oil wells gushed in the Southwest sagebrush and on the tidal flats of the Gulf. Texas wildcatters became millionaires, building fabulous hotels and making the Houston skyline look like a replica of Manhattan.

The boom was fed by a steel capacity which went from 80 million to 100 million tons a year in a decade, with six million more tons promised by the end of 1952. It was serviced by hundreds of new diesel engines which rocketed back and forth over the rebuilt tracks of the world's biggest and best railway system. It was fueled by gas and oil pumped through the thousands of miles of

new pipelines that laced Texas to the Midwest and New York.

By June 1950 the Federal Reserve production index stood at 197—or virtually double that of 1935-39. The productive capacity included whole new industries. The new television industry came with a rush, gluing people to their living room chairs and transforming the nature of home life. The chemical industry was producing everything from soapless soap to suits woven entirely of man-made fibers. People paid \$89 billion for clothes and jewelry between 1945 and 1949. They began to think of air-conditioning and sound-proofing as necessities, not luxuries.

The productive revolution moved to the farms at the fastest rate in history. In 1945 there were 1,700 mechanical cotton pickers and strippers in the U.S.; in 1950 the figure had jumped to 13,400. Corn and wheat filled the bins to overflowing. The U.S. ate its fill, helped keep some other nations from starving and had an incredible surplus of food left over for storage against disaster.

The material accomplishments of the five-year period could be spun out as endlessly as the nylon that went into everything from stockings to tennis racket strings. But the really encouraging thing about 1945-50 lay in other directions. Science, through its development of the new wonder drugs (among them chloromycetin, aureomycin), made human life far less hazardous than before. Between 1945 and 1950 upward of 1.4 million Americans took college degrees; in 1950 twice as many were graduated from college as in any prewar year. More encouraging still, there was a widespread discussion of the aims of education. President Eisenhower of Columbia called upon his faculty to educate exceptional physicists, exceptional chemists—but above all, "exceptional Americans."

In labor relations the wild atmosphere of the '30s gave way in 1945-50 to the relative equilibrium of the new steel pension system and the G.M. five-year contract. In race relations, despite the failure of Congress to pass an FEPC bill with teeth in it, encouraging strides were made. As one index of improved race relations Negroes were playing major league baseball, bigtime tennis and captaining Ivy League football.

No one can devise a micrometer caliper to measure such things as artistic progress, musical progress, the content of simple fun or the intensity of religious faith. Nobody can put a dollar value on sympathy, friendship and love. Figures, however, can be suggestive, and it may prove something to know that U.S. church membership leaped from 55,807,366 in 1936 to 81,777,874 in 1949. And in world affairs, which involve spiritual values as well as power politics, the U.S. had definitely grown up since 1940. In 1950 the U.S. people were ready to accept, whether they were to do it well.

By all the tokens, measurable, measurable, the U.S. people have a right to be proud of the 1945-50 interlude. They can approach the dangerous days of the present with full confidence in their capacity to see any difficult job through to the end.

BOOKIES, POLICE AND A SENATOR

Kefauver learns about gambling

Just because people will gamble, policemen, politicians and gamblers in several cities were being given a bad time last week. In New York Mayor O'Dwyer startled the city by appearing at a mass demonstration in honor of a cop who shot himself after testifying to a grand jury about charges of police graft. In Miami, Kansas City and St. Louis, Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver took on the road his investigation of interstate crime and gambling syndicates. It was a ticklish assignment for a Democratic senator, for the murder of Kansas City's gambling

politician Charlie Binaggio (LIFE, April 17) had shown how closely policy games and party politics can be intertwined. In each city he sent out subpoenas, then sat down to chat with cops and underworld characters who showed up. The senator explained he was not muscling in on local police. He just wanted to know who was raking in the gravy and what federal legislation was needed. But Kefauver's witnesses knew by experience there was nothing to be worried about. "They know it'll blow over," said the doorman at a Miami casino. "Maybe by next season."



MARCHING IN FORMATION, 6,000 NEW YORK POLICE SURROUND CHURCH AT FLYNN SERVICES. IT WAS BIGGEST POLICE FUNERAL IN THE CITY'S HISTORY



MAYOR O'DWYER (HOLDING HAT) WALKS BEHIND THE FLAG-DRAPED CASKET

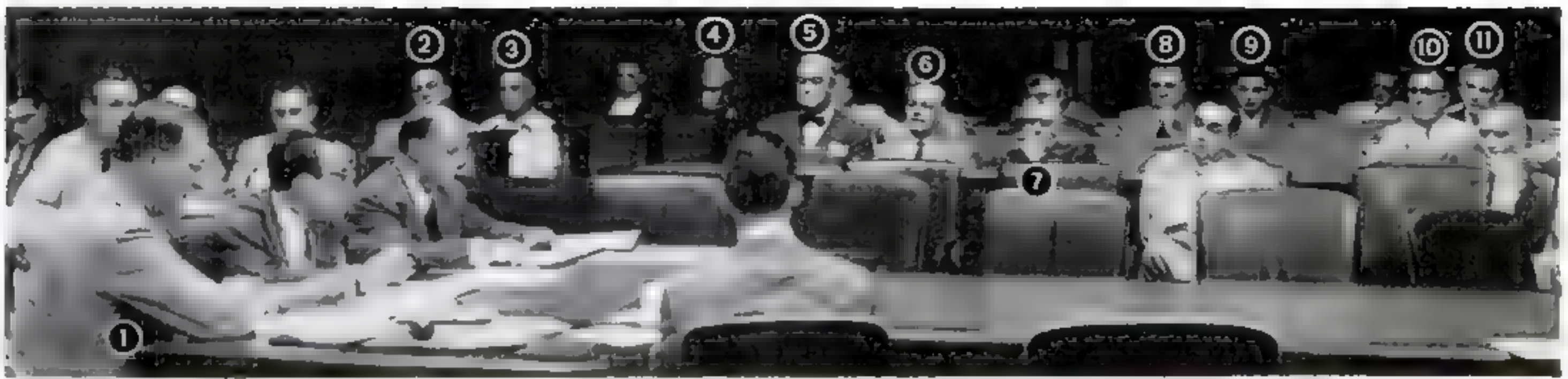
IN NEW YORK THE MAYOR PROTESTS

When Brooklyn's District Attorney Miles McDonald, investigating gambling, got hold of some evidence that bookies and numbers operators in his borough were paying the police for protection, he subpoenaed several police officers to testify before a grand jury. One of the policemen who testified was Captain John G. Flynn, commander of Brooklyn's 68th Precinct, in which McDonald's detectives had uncovered evidence of graft. McDonald is a Democrat. New York's Mayor William O'Dwyer is not only a fellow Democrat; he is also a former cop. Incensed at the district attorney's investigation of his police force, O'Dwyer denounced it as a "witch hunt" and a "war of nerves."

Last week, more than three weeks after he had appeared before McDonald's Brooklyn grand jury, Captain Flynn shot himself in the head with his service revolver. He left a note indicating that he was worried by "a lot of headaches in this precinct." Mayor O'Dwyer dramatically announced that to prove his faith in Flynn he was personally going to attend the funeral. The word went out to the precincts, and on the day of the funeral 6,000 policemen, detectives and policewomen, some of whom came back from their vacations, marched in a body to the Church of the Ascension, where Flynn was given a Solemn Requiem Mass. Said the puzzled D.A., "I'm just trying to do an honest job and protect the public."



BROOKLYN D.A. McDONALD

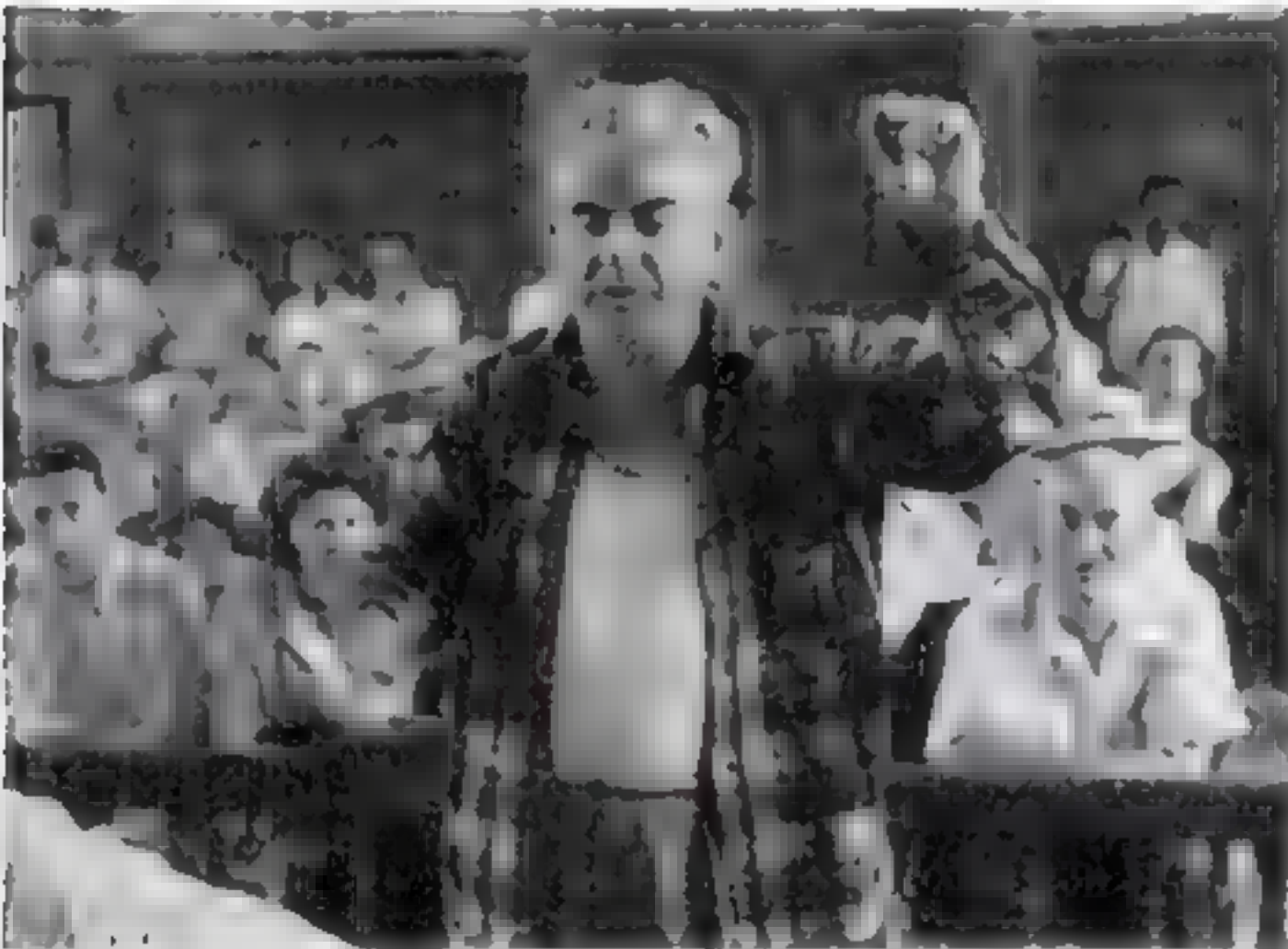


IN KANSAS CITY THE POLICE DEPARTMENT IS CALLED "GOOD"

In a Kansas City courtroom (above) Senator Kefauver (1) questioned this imposing east of local gamblers and politicians. Mike Lascoula, alias Mike School (2), is a gambler. James Balestrere (3) is reputedly head of Kansas City's Mafia. Gambler Walter Rainey (4) is already under indictment by federal and county grand

juries. Hampton S. Chambers (5) and Robert Cohn (6) were deposed as police commissioners by Missouri Governor Forrest Smith after Binaggio's murder. J. L. ("Tuck") Mulligan (7) is ex-chairman of police board. Joseph DeLuca (8) is convicted member of narcotics rings. Simon Partnoy (9) runs the local racing wire business.

Raymond A. Edlund (10), Democratic state treasurer, was asked about gamblers' contributions to his party. Sheriff J. A. Purdome (11) was present under subpoena to testify about the state of law enforcement at the time of the Binaggio slaying. Said Kefauver soothingly, "The Kansas City police department is a good one."



BOOKIE LEO GIPS INTERRUPTS HEARING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT SYNDICATE

IN MIAMI THE SHERIFFS SQUIRM



SHERIFF CLARK TAKES STAND

In Miami the senator expected to get an earful because of reports that one gambling syndicate alone had grossed \$26 million in a year. Ten of the witnesses he subpoenaed failed to turn up, but the senator put two Florida sheriffs on the stand and, after prompting, both shed a good deal of light. Dade County Sheriff Jimmie Sullivan (right) had trouble explaining how he had accumulated \$70,000 in four years on an average yearly salary of about \$8,500. Walter Clark, sheriff of nearby Broward County, expressed surprise when he was told that a company in which he was a

partner licensed illegal numbers games and pinball machines. Clark explained he thought the firm handled only juke boxes. Asked why he shut his eyes to the gambling going on in his county, Clark said, "My policy is a liberal one. I don't go around snooping in other people's business." Florida's Governor Fuller Warren, severely embarrassed by the inquiry (which has also uncovered evidence that a race track operator contributed to his last campaign fund), suspended Sheriff Clark from his job. Another witness had a slightly different line of evidence. Listening to the police testify that he was a smalltime independent bookie, Leo ("Honest Frenchy") Gips (above) jumped up to tell Kefauver that if he was small time it was only because the local S and G gambling syndicate—identified as the \$26-million-a-year one—squeezed him for half of his earnings.



SMOKING CIGAR, SHERIFF SULLIVAN SITS BACK TO LISTEN TO TESTIMONY



DANCING HOME WITH DODGER RUN AT ST. LOUIS, ROY CAMPANELLA EVADES ACROBATIC TRY BY CARDINALS' DEL RICE TO TAG HIM OUT. DODGERS WON 10-2

FOUR-CLUB FIGHT

Any team that gets hot can win in National League

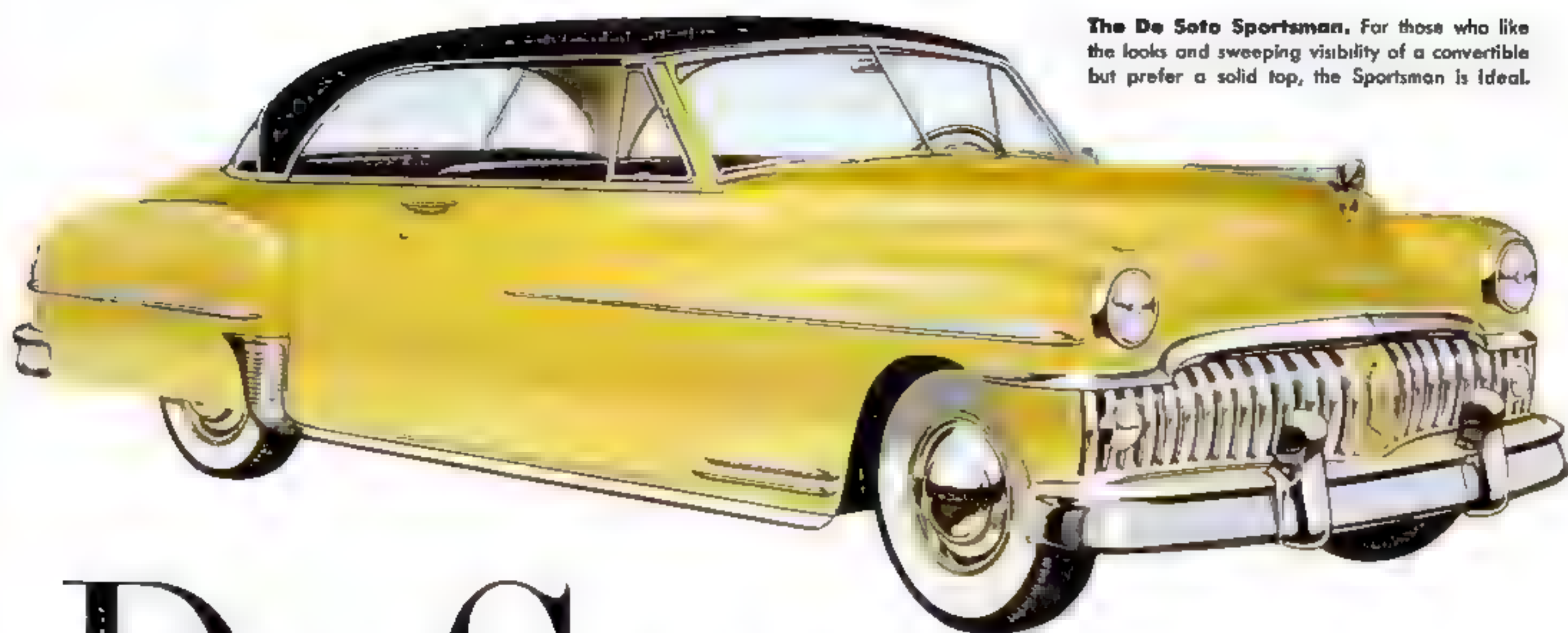
The fight for the National League lead has turned into one of baseball's greatest free-for-all of a generation. It got that way one day last week with three grim contenders—Boston, Philadelphia and St. Louis—locked in a triple tie, and Brooklyn threatening all three from a point only 1½ games behind. The pictures reflect the tenseness of the pennant race: since 1908 the leaders have never been so closely bunched so late in the season. The Philadelphia Phillies (*LIFE*, March 27) were groggy from a bad road trip and bad breaks like a fluke home run in Pittsburgh (*right*). The Boston Braves were holding their own by benefiting from misfortunes of other leaders. The Brooklyn Dodgers visited their old rivals and pet 1950 victims, the St. Louis Cardinals, tightened the race by winning three out of four. With 73 games to go, it looked like a four-cornered fight right down to the wire, with experts picking "any club that gets hot in September."



BOSTON INFIELDER Roy Hartsfield plows pellmell into home plate, spilling Pirate Catcher Earl Turner. This run helped Braves take Pittsburgh series.



PHILLY OUTFIELDER Dick Sisler watches helplessly as ball hit by Ralph Kiner bounces off the foul pole (*left*), goes for a home run. Pirates won, 10-8.



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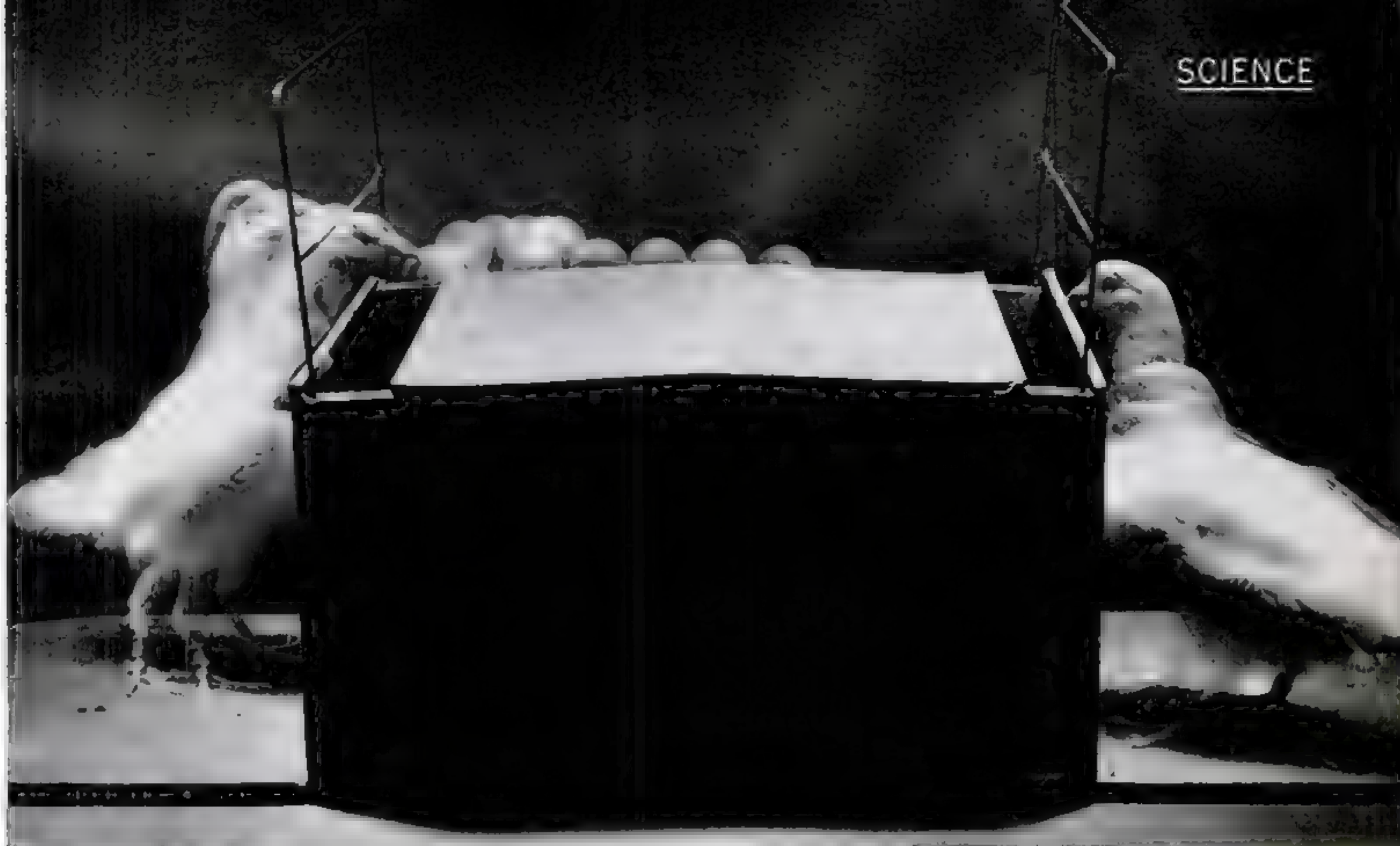


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BIRDS EYE - BOUND TO BE BETTER!



PIGEONS PECK AT THE FLYING PING-PONG BALL. WHEN BALL FALLS INTO ONE OF THE TROUGHS, FOOD DROPS INTO FEEDBOX ON OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE TABLE

PING-PONG FOR PIGEONS

The most unusual sporting event of recent weeks made none of the country's sports pages. It was a ping-pong match which took place in Cambridge, Mass., between a pair of pigeons. Under the watchful eyes of Harvard psychologist Dr. B. Frederic Skinner the birds squared off and pecked the ball back and forth across a miniature table. Whenever one of them missed, a prize of birdseed fell to the victor.

This game was no careless frolic but a serious

episode in Skinner's continuing study of animal response. He trained his birds to play by rewarding each one whenever it pushed the ball into a trough on the opposite end of the table. After many accidental and consistently rewarded victories, the pigeons learned that pecking an approaching ball meant getting birdseed.

Punished pigeons, Skinner found, became inhibited. But rewarded pigeons learned not only to play ping-pong but to "read" signs, to tell

colors apart and even to play *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* on the xylophone (next page).

For the little birdseed they gain, pigeons often get very wrapped up in what they are doing. Once, after a particularly grueling ping-pong volley, the exasperated loser leaped over the guardrail and made for his opponent. Incidents like this seem to confirm Skinner's belief that watching pigeons will teach him a lot about human psychology as well as animal psychology.



WINNING PIGEON (left) ducks his head into his feedbox to pick up his trophy of birdseed. The loser stares at him, impatient for the next volley to begin.

Most volleys are one-shot affairs, but some last for three or four. Wire guards are supposed to prevent frustrated birds from lunging at each other, sometimes fail.

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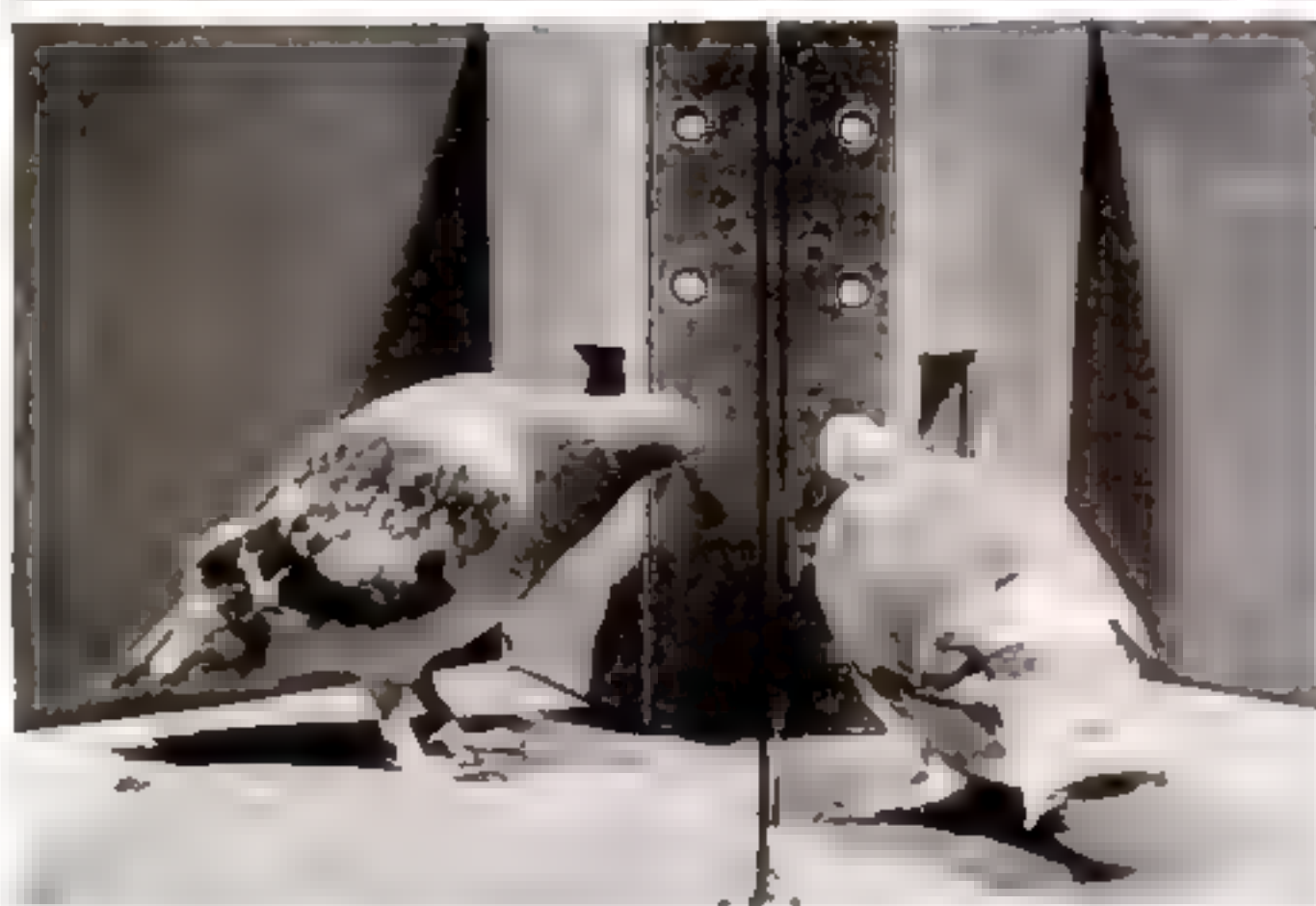
NEW, IMPROVED

SHASTA beauty cream **SHAMPOO**

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Pigeons CONTINUED

PIGEONS LEARN TO COOPERATE,



COOPERATION TEST requires the pigeons to peck at a certain pair of buttons simultaneously (left). After each coordinated peck the birds are rewarded



COLOR TEST requires pigeon to tap the correct sign when light of a certain color is turned on. The test therefore involves a kind of reading. By tapping



MUSIC TEST requires a pigeon to peck the six bars of the xylophone in a special order before the food cup is moved out from under its lid. The result

TO READ SIGNS AND PLAY MUSIC



with mechanically dispensed grains of birdseed (right). If they do not peck simultaneously, they get nothing. The pigeons can learn the routine in a week.



at "blue" when a blue light goes on (left), the pigeon wins food (right). Pigeon learns names of four colors in only one week but would need lifetime to learn 16.



may sound like a tune to humans but not to the pigeons, who are unmusical and have poor hearing. Training for this test takes from two to three weeks.

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What Do U.S. Museums Buy?



BRUSH GUN, sole 1949 purchase of San Antonio's Witte Memorial Museum, was bought by Director

Ellen Quillin (*above*) for \$10. Her funds are spent on galleries for Texans' gifts like those in background.

LIFE SURVEYS NEWEST ART PURCHASES OF SIX FAMOUS INSTITUTIONS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY ARNOLD NEWMAN

IN the young America of 200 years ago there was neither a single art museum nor much demand for one. In 1750 Harvard College thought about establishing one, then settled for the creation of a "Repository of Curiosities." But in 1773 Charleston, S.C. opened the first museum in the Western Hemisphere. Thirty-two years later some Philadelphians organized the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which soon was posting notices of its "Valuable Old Pictures . . . as well as other paintings by our own artists." In addition the academy boasted a large collection of casts of antique sculpture, and instituted ladies' days in its galleries when the statues were modestly draped.

Today the U.S. can count more than 2,500 public museums, 400 of them devoted to art alone. Lately these museums have been doing the biggest business in their history, with attendance doubling, in many cases, since the war. Last year close to two million people poured through New York's Metropolitan Museum, another million through the Chicago Art Institute. Such headliners as the Van Gogh show (*LIFE*, Oct. 10) and Vienna treasures (*LIFE*, Oct. 24) drew large crowds. But even more people turned out to see what the museums themselves had acquired.

To learn what is going into U.S. public collections these days, *LIFE* set out to find what leading museums purchased in the past year. Such big, heavily endowed museums as the Metropolitan spent as much as \$525,000 on objects from all ages. Tiny museums with meager support, such as the Flint (Mich.) Institute of Arts, had spent as little as \$200 on work by local artists. Many Western museums, like the Portland Art Museum (*pp.* 44, 45), concentrated on the native arts of their region, while such adventurous organizations as New York's Museum of Modern Art (*p.* 47) found art in everything from saucepans to typewriters. On the following pages *LIFE* shows a cross section of what six U.S. museums purchased during the year.

THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM

The Brooklyn Museum (*opposite page*) bought 837 objects last year at a cost of \$86,089. To its already famous Egyptian collection it added a granite sarcophagus of Prince Akhet-Hotep (2600 B.C.), on which Director Charles Nagel is leaning. On top of the sarcophagus in front of Mr. Nagel is a group of contemporary American prints while at his left is a wood statuette of an Egyptian king (1400 B.C.) and at his right, a lion-shaped German ewer. In left foreground

on an early American piano are an 18th Century French napkin, an Egyptian wooden ibis (300 B.C.) and two Egyptian ivory figurines (600 B.C.). On the floor (*center, foreground*) are four Egyptian burial jars (1250 B.C.). Behind them are a 15th Century carving of a Mexican warrior god and, at base of the sarcophagus, a print by the Swiss modern, Paul Klee. On the floor at right is a madonna and child (c. 1600) from Peru; behind it, a Colombian burial jar

(1000 A.D.) and a costume from India. On wall → behind costume is a painting of *The Marys at the Tomb* by Benjamin West, 18th Century American. Above it, from right, are *Nursemaids and Cabs* by Frenchman Pierre Bonnard; *Floating* by the American, Adolph Gottlieb; *Phoenician Women* by a Brooklyn artist, Federico Castellon, and *Island Memories* by Seattle's Mark Tobey. Below (*left*) is *Italian Shepherd Boy* by 19th Century American Washington Allston.





THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS

The Detroit Institute of Arts, a city-owned museum, last year bought 71 items but was given 489 more. From them the institute's director, Edgar P. Richardson, picked the 31 objects above, worth \$170,000. Richardson leans on a portrait by the early 19th Century American, Charles Willson Peale. In foreground, wooden head (*center*) is that of a Cameroon native while the marble one (*extreme left*) is that of Robert Fulton, carved by 19th Century Frenchman, Houdon. Below Fulton stand two old American

jugs. New England table (c. 1760) supports old American earthenware and silver. Statues behind it by Jacopo Sansovino, a 16th Century Italian, represent Neptune (*left*), Mars (*right*), while chair at far right is a Canadian antique (c. 1820) with a rawhide seat. Along bottom of the wall (*left to right*) hang *The Tempest* by Albert Ryder, 19th Century American; a Canadian crucifix; Assyrian bas-relief (c. 750 B.C.) showing a king holding court, and the head of a Greek satyr. The three pictures at far left are

(*top*) a still life by the contemporary German, Max Beckmann; (*center*) a crucifixion (15th Century French); and (*bottom*) a portrait by Frans Hals, the 17th Century Dutchman. Big canvas in center, by Ribera, a 17th Century Spaniard, portrays *St. Jerome in the Desert*. At right (*top*) are Edward Walsh's view of the St. Lawrence; a boudoir scene by Pater, 18th Century Frenchman; and (*below*) a heroic scene by Gros, a 19th Century Frenchman, showing *Mumt Defeating the Turkish Army at Aboukir*.

PORTLAND ART MUSEUM

When Oregon's Portland Museum was formed in 1905 by a group of art-interested citizens, its collection consisted mainly of some 200 plaster casts of Greek and Roman sculpture. Since then the museum has developed, as the picture at right shows, a livelier taste. Still owned by a corporation of citizens, the museum, with \$7,000 a year for purchases, has filled its \$600,000 establishment with modern painting and sculpture and with the strange, symbolic masks and images of the Western Indians. Last year, with the help of local fund-raising, the museum paid \$27,500 for one of the country's finest collections of Northwest Indian art—5,000 items assembled years ago by an Alaskan school superintendent, Axel Rasmussen. Of the 53 objects shown at right, valued at \$21,500, 28 are from the Rasmussen collection.

The man who appears unconcerned by the ferocious objects surrounding him is the museum's director, Thomas C. Colt Jr. He is leaning on a huge Indian potlatch (or feast) dish, which was carved in the shape of a human figure from a tree trunk and used as a serving bowl. Scattered in foreground are Indian headaddresses, ceremonial masks, spoons, small potlatch dishes—one of which rests on the knees of the tree-trunk dish—and a box drum (*extreme right*) supporting fiercely beaked totemic birds. The lineup of Indian masks on the panel at far left includes a wooden mask with human hair (*second from top, left*); a hinged double mask (*fourth from top*) whose outer face symbolizes the cannibalistic habits of a female giant, Ts'onoqua, but whose inner one reveals her kinder qualities; a dance mask whose horns can be rotated by pulling a cord and (*at bottom*) a twin-headed storytelling mask. Protruding from behind top of the screen are two scissor-jawed masks representing monsters who crack men's skulls and then devour their brains. On the wall behind and below them are an Indian chief's blanket woven out of colored goat wool, an Indian shirt and fishing float.

In left center of the picture stand 11 relics of pre-Columbian civilizations—the Aztec goddess of corn (*top, center*), a Zapotecan chieftain (*top, right*) and a clay Tarascan dog (*middle, right*). Behind Director Colt rises a 10-foot-high Indian song leader's wand. In center of the wall hangs a sand painting by a living Zuni Indian known as Red Robin. The oil painting at top right, *Faun and Spirits*, is by another Indian, an Osage woman, Yeffe Kimball. The other pictures on the wall are non-Indian. Below the sand painting is a Picasso drawing, *Sleeper and Seated Girl*. Above it at top are an abstraction by Morris Graves, leading Northwest painter, and (*next right*) a lithograph by the French modern, Georges Braque. The pinched, starving faces of two Italian children (*extreme right*) were portrayed by Mitchell Jamieson. The big picture in center is an abstraction, *The Mill*, by Max Beckmann. Next to it hangs a tiny abstract piece of wrought brass sculpture by a living Oregonian, Fred Farr. The two paintings at bottom are also by Northwesters—Donald Sorensen's *At the Beach* (*left*) and C. S. Price's *The River* (*right*). At right stand two statues, an equestrian by the contemporary Italian, Marino Marini (*Life*, May 22), and a woman-torso by the Oregonian, Mark Sponenburgh.





MINNEAPOLIS INSTITUTE OF ARTS

Supported by city and private donations, the Minneapolis Institute spends up to \$100,000 annually on its purchases, and concentrates on encouraging local talent. Last year it bought 31 objects, of which 22 (valued at more than \$100,000) are shown at left along with its director, Russell A. Plimpton. At right stand six terracotta Chinese statues of the T'ang Dynasty. The swashbuckling figure at top of the group represents a guardian of the Buddhist heaven; the two below, Chinese dignitaries; while the horned, lion-headed image, at left of the camel and horse, symbolizes Chinese earth spirit. At bottom of the wall hang two paintings by great 19th Century Frenchmen: Cézanne's *Chênes at Jas de Bouffan* and (above) Gauguin's *Tahitian Landscape*. At left of the landscape is a 16th Century English silver-gilt saltcellar. Almost all the other pictures were painted by local artists: in top row (left to right), *Central City* by Robert Kilbride, Reid Hastie's *Furber Field* and Raymond Parker's *Industrial Implements*; in second row, *Paysage* (far left) by Henriette Diebold and *Eighth Street* (far right) by Bernard Arnest. The two small engravings in between in the second row were done by 16th Century Europeans: Albrecht Dürer's *Small War Horse* (left) and *Queen Elizabeth* by Wouteneus. Four paintings grouped under the engravings, all by Minnesotans, are (top) *Beaver Bay* by Eloy Wedin and (right) Norris Johnson's *Spring*; (bottom) Jean Duncan's *Fish House* and (right) a view of Main Street by Francis Meisch.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

New York's Museum of Modern Art has long been the country's most influential showcase for avant garde painting and sculpture and for 20th Century designs of all shapes, sizes and purposes. Privately endowed, it paid over the last year \$90,000 for 481 diverse objects. At right, the museum's scholarly director of collections, Alfred Barr, sits with 48 of them. In foreground (left to right) are screwdrivers, plastic-handled kitchenware, a glass-fiber armchair designed by Charles Eames, photographs, prints, an Italian typewriter, films for the museum's movie theater, Italian bowls and a set of tiny crucibles next to a mother-of-pearl stamp box. In mid file foreground (left to right) stand a tubular-framed chair designed by the Dutchman, Mies van der Rohe, a cherry wood desk designed by Hector Guimard and an abstract statue, *The Fish*, by the Romanian modern, Brancusi. The bronze wrangle of horns and spikes at extreme left in background, conceived by Theodore Roszak, represents the *Spectre of Kitty Hawk*. Below it (front) is an abstract picture by Arshile Gorky, *Ignony*, while behind it on left wall hangs Fritz Glarner's *Relational Painting*. Pictures on back wall are (left to right) Picasso's *Three Musicians*, *Reclining Nude* by Amedeo Modigliani, *The Red Studio* by Matisse, a drawing called *Musculi in Dynamism* by Umberto Boccioni and (upper right) Marc Chagall's *Anniversary*. Screen at the extreme right is decorated with colored lithographs by the Frenchman Pierre Bonnard.



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The Brilliant Brat



Rude, moody, sloppy and prodigal. Actor Marlon Brando captivates Hollywood

BY THEODORE STRAUSS

THE citizens of Hollywood have always regarded the eccentricities of visitors and of each other with the bland curiosity of a Frenchman sitting in a sidewalk cafe. The great majority are the soul of decorum and respectability, belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club and see their analyst three times a week; but they can observe with fascinated amusement the compulsion to buy pink Cadillacs as well as the compulsion to buy hair shirts. They have been at home to turbaned royalty and lady wrestlers, cultists and retired highwaymen, kept women and hillbillies. If they cherish phonies, it is because of an inner knowledge that freaks are the oldest thing in show business, that the theater still belongs to the clown and fool.

Yet recently, when a young Broadway actor named Marlon Brando descended on

the town to play the leading role in *The Men*, a story of paraplegic veterans, even Hollywood felt an uneasy tremor. For here was a non-conformist in the grand style, part mud-spattered child, part genius—a harlequin who had not been housebroken. Not in recent memory

had the town been confronted with an actor who treated almost any rudimentary standard of social behavior with such utter and childlike disdain.

His rudeness was classic. Off stage and on, he scratched his backside or whatever part itched him with the careless aplomb of a monkey in the zoo. In the presence of elderly ladies he shouted language a marine wouldn't use under ether, and he once seriously flattered a young lady he had met by saying, "Your mother is the kind of woman that if I was dying of syphilis she'd give her last \$10 to cure me." He wore clothing so

As the subject of his current and best film, *The Men*, which opened in New York last week, Producer Stanley Kramer chose the victims of wartime spinal injury which paralyzed their lower bodies and left them, in spirit as in body, half alive. In the story of one paraplegic's growing resolution to survive, Marlon Brando creates a character that is tough, agonized and deeply moving. *The Men* is a fine film because of its simple concern for the persistence of human beings in face of the most crippling odds.

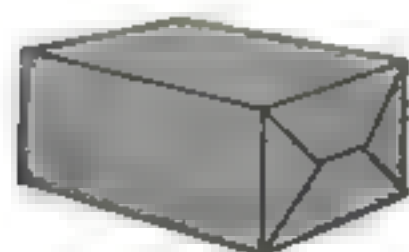
The New Shape is the news



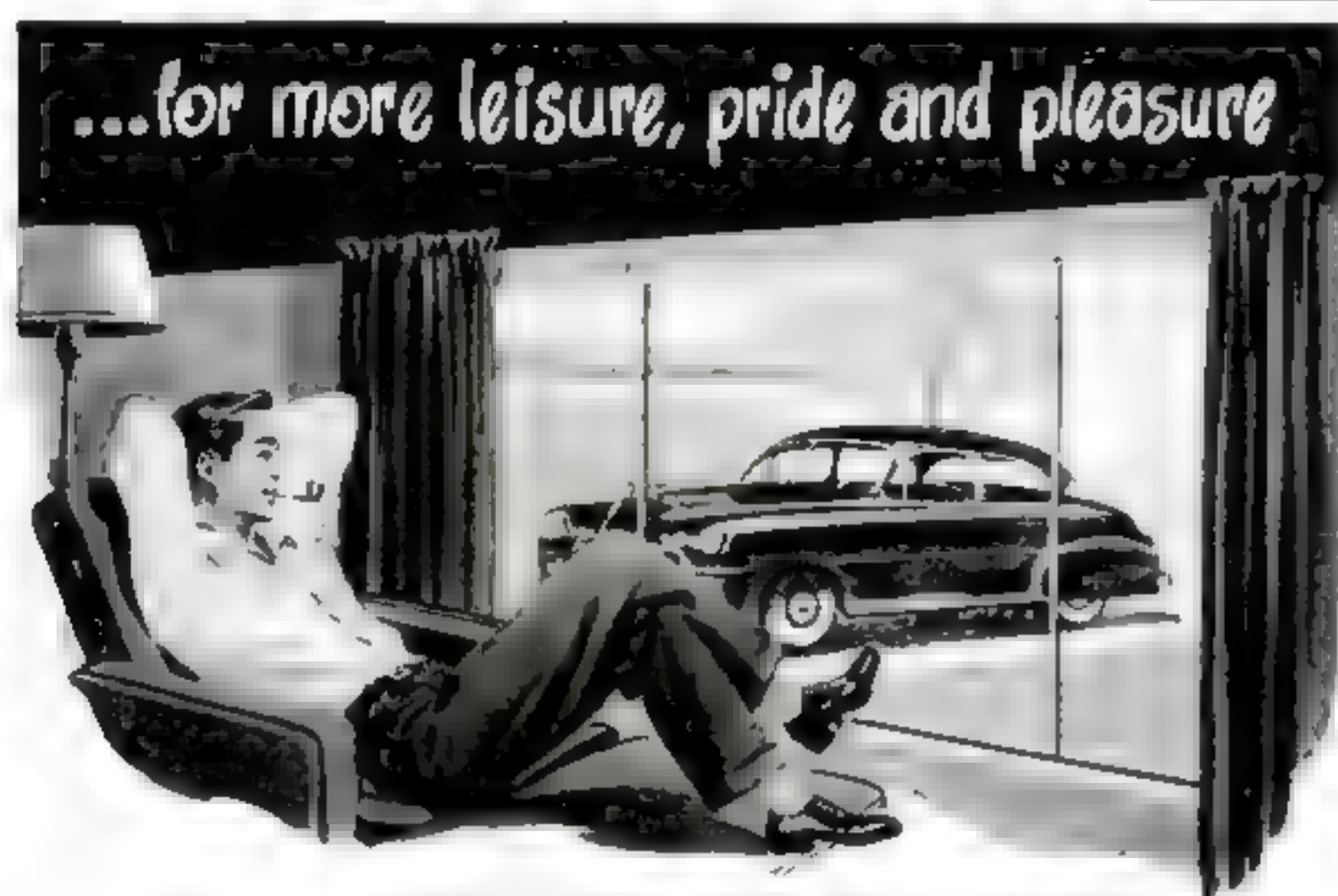
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BRANDO CONTINUED

disreputable that he was refused service in three doughnut-and-coffee parlors and picked his nose through endless surly silences whenever confronted by persons he did not instinctively like. Once Hedda Hopper, who has made a career of putting other people in their places, essayed an interview with Brando during which she chattered desperately for 15 minutes and Brando, according to witnesses, grunted exactly twice.

During his two months on the West Coast he usually stayed in a ward at the Birmingham Veterans Administration Hospital with his paraplegic mentors, on the front divans of whatever friends he was visiting when he got sleepy or in the modest bungalow of a long-suffering aunt in Eagle Rock where Marlon's grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Myers, was also a house guest. Mrs. Myers, a poised and authoritative lady of 73, occasionally did battle with her unruly grandson and once remarked, "I do hope that Bud comes through all this without too much scandal. I love him more than anything on this earth, but I never know when I'm going to hear from him in San Quentin."

Almost everyone was enormously fond of him, and today Brando is still the subject of hours-long discussions among those who have known him even briefly. Some see Brando as a sort of noble savage proclaiming his freedom and integrity in a world of nonsensical restraints and conventions. Others believe him to be a shy, lonely and sentimental child. But on one thing all are agreed—Brando can act like an angel. Even behind his indistinct mutterings of lines, audiences and critics have sensed in Brando a combustible, highly charged spirit, a quicksilver restlessness of the sort that can command with equal power the empty spaces of a stage or the slick surface of a screen.

Brando was slow in succumbing to Hollywood. After his success in *A Streetcar Named Desire* he was what the trade calls a "hot item." But he shied from commitment to any extended contract. It was not until Stanley Kramer pleaded with him to act in a movie about paraplegics now called *The Men* that Brando decided, a little reluctantly, to try it.

His lodgings: a couch

WHEN Brando arrived in Hollywood, Kramer and his associates carefully refrained from rolling out the red carpet, a prospect which had terrified Brando. He was met at the Alhambra station near Los Angeles by his agent, Jay Kanter, and his aunt, Mrs. Betty Lindemeyer. No one, least of all Oliver Lindemeyer, his aunt's husband and a retiring, conservative man, suspected that Brando would settle in their already crowded two-bedroom bungalow. But Brando looked about the premises with satisfaction and announced that he would sleep on the living-room couch.

From that time onward, aside from the four-week period when he stayed at the Birmingham Hospital, life wasn't worth living for the Lindmeyers. At first his aunt prepared his usual dinner of ground sirloin steak and two vegetables at a reasonable dinner hour, but she gave that up when Brando failed repeatedly to appear until 2 a.m., frequently with friends. His breakfast was eaten standing up and consisted of three raw eggs broken and dropped into the mouth, a large glass of orange juice and a glass of milk. Between meals he wolfed "barrels of peanut butter" and large numbers of pomegranates which he pierced, then held to his mouth and sucked. Eating, for Brando, was always untidy. "Bud doesn't bring the food to his face," said his grandmother. "He brings his face to the food." The Lindmeyers scoured pomegranate stains from walls, furniture and ceiling for weeks after his departure.

Brando was surprised that the family should consider him at all extraordinary; in fact, it was their propriety that mystified him. Many of Brando's assessments of people have the odd quality of seeming to come from the other side of the looking glass. He once said of Jessica Tandy, "We don't see eye to eye. She gives her name for advertising. She thinks you should shave before a day in the country. She doesn't like peanut butter."

He displayed majestic disdain for clothes, which he borrowed casually and sometimes permanently. When he arrived he seemed, at least to Jay Kanter, comparatively well dressed. He wore a blue woolen suit, a shirt and striped tie, and carried two suitcases—one of regulation two-suit size, the other a battered weekend relic. Kanter did not notice that the suit had a hole in the knee and a large rent in the seat of the pants; nor did he realize that the luggage contained only three pairs of blue jeans and three changes of T-shirts, his entire wardrobe. He didn't know either that Brando is the one actor in the world with whom one must always look down to verify if he is wearing shoes.

With the single exception of an informal set party at which he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



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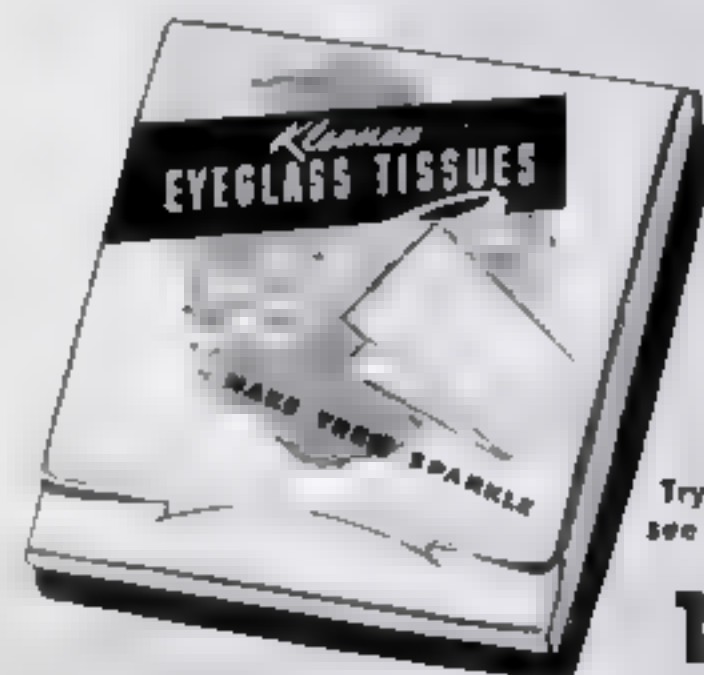
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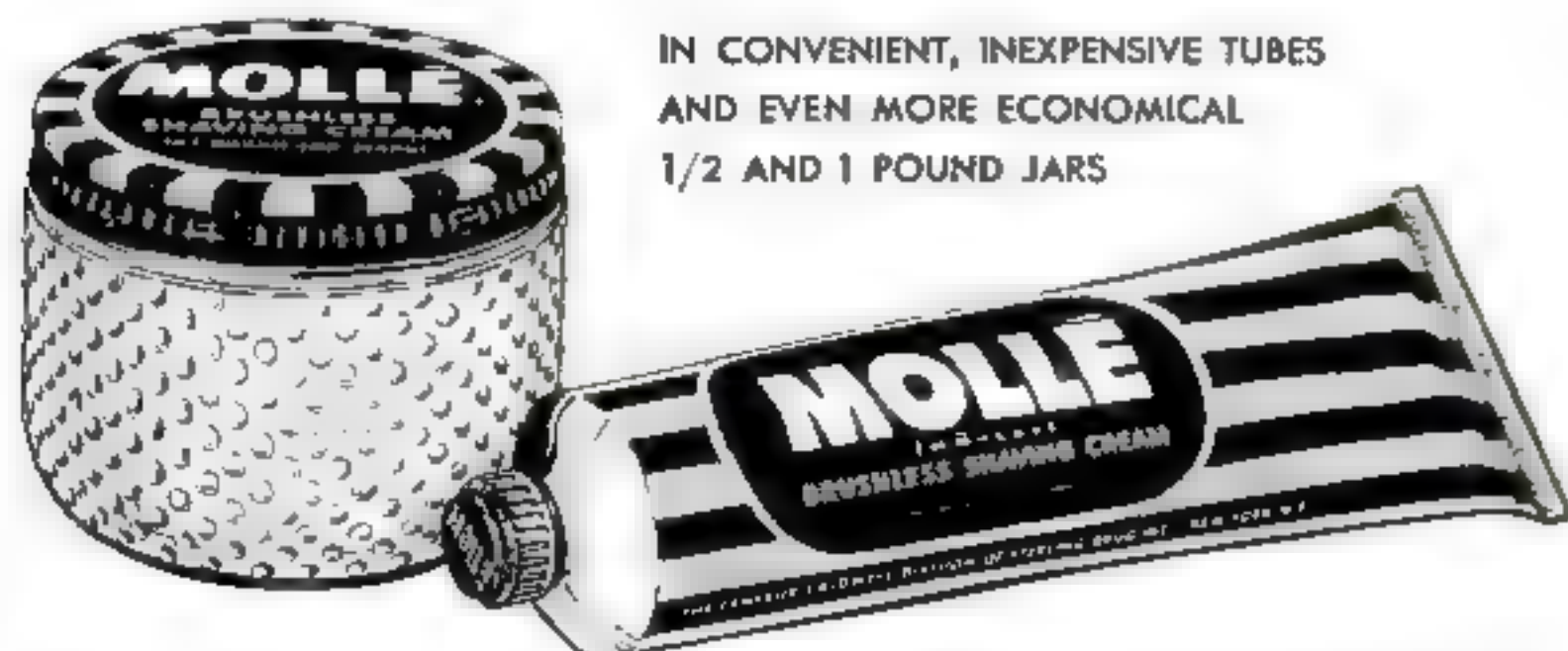
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LONG-SUFFERING grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Myers, always relukes Marlon when he swears. She explains, "Bud's stubborn as a mule—but sincere."

BRANDO CONTINUED

perversely appeared in white tie and tails, no one ever again saw him so dapper. His usual attire was blue jeans and T shirt, with a pair of scuffed-up shoes when absolutely necessary. This costume he varied with assorted bits of clothing purloined here and there—an old sweater which he would wear knotted at the waist or perhaps some bright green, leather-soled socks. Once, after leaving a late conference at the Motion Picture Center, he suddenly became aware that he was in his stocking feet on his way to a party. He called the studio, which had closed for the night, and for two hours a late-working press agent and a night watchman turned offices and sets upside down in a desperate search for Brando's only pair of shoes. It was finally discovered that he had failed to wear them at all when he had left the hospital that morning.

Because Brando needed at least a minimum wardrobe for his scenes in *The Men*, Kramer finally ordered an expedition to buy clothes for his leading actor. Brando cooperated not at all. He turned down whatever anyone else selected and constantly chose cheap garments from the workmen's clothing racks. The second ill-fated sortie was under the leadership of Mrs. Lindemeyer. With child-like shrewdness Brando devised his revenge by publicly embarrassing his guardian. While his aunt died a thousand deaths, he made rude noises and gestures toward any females in the department store and topped it off by showing his aunt a "new trick" while riding in a crowded elevator. He held a match to the waist of his sweater and stood like a martyr being burned at the stake while a bright blue flame raced harmlessly but spectacularly over the nap of the sweater. No further attempt was made to make a dandy out of him.

With his own and other people's money he was impartially prodigal. His salary, for the soundest of reasons, has been sent to his father, Marlon Brando Sr., who invests the money in cattle on a Midwestern ranch called Penny Poke. Each week Brando receives a living allowance of \$150. Because he rarely looks at money and sometimes pays for a package of cigarets with a \$20 bill, he usually is penniless by the second day. Thereafter he picks unguarded pockets—by sly and insistent mooching. Around the Kramer office any man who loaned Brando money wore the dunce's cap, and the loan would be considered a touchdown for the actor in the game of Brando vs. the world. Still, when his aunt tried to settle accounts before his departure, Brando remembered his debts to the last penny.

However infantile or irresponsible Brando may be in his personal life, he is a totally conscientious artist in his work. Unlike some of Hollywood's pretty people, he was never late on the set, never indulged in a tantrum, never required endless retakes. He lagged only in the peripheral chores of an actor—appointments for contract discussions, radio publicity appearances and interviews—and even here on occasion he was surprisingly polite and punctual. On these matters Kramer and his associates, George Glass and John Cooper, always adopted a stern parental attitude. "You ordered him—never asked," says Kramer. "His rebellion was snapped in a minute if you said, 'Damn it, be there at 3 o'clock!' You never dared to give him a choice. If you did he chose *not* to do what you asked."

Hollywood, at least in the beginning, frightened him. He was restless, moody, and talked to no one. Understandably tense about his first motion picture assignment, he kept Director Fred Zinnemann

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25



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WEDDING REHEARSAL in *The Men* is in the paraplegics' hospital, where Ken Wilchek (Brando) learns to stand through reading of marriage ceremony.

BRANDO CONTINUED

up through most of a night getting reassurance against his fears. He was impatient to get to work and on the second day called Kramer. "Look," he said, "I've got it all figured out. I want to go to the hospital and live." This suited Kramer fine because it was precisely what he had been planning. Zinnemann took Brando out the next morning to look over the hospital. In the afternoon occurred what was perhaps his most crucial ordeal, when he confronted for the first time his jury of eight paraplegic patients who were wondering whether Brando was just another glamour boy from Hollywood. For a change it was Brando who had to make an active bid for the men's friendship and respect. He did make it and won.

Unless a conference or interview was scheduled at the hospital, Brando slept until noon each day. When reporters were due to arrive Pat Grissom, local head of the Paralyzed Veterans Association and Brando's tutor, had to see that Brando was up and conscious. "You had to twist his leg off to wake him," says Grissom. Ordinarily Brando would be rudely awakened when another late-sleeping patient in the next bed slapped his face with a pillow. If Brando woke first, he returned the courtesy. The measure of Brando's acceptance by the other men was the hard kidding he took and, in only slightly less degree, gave back. The hospital beds, which could be rolled up at both ends by turning a crank, provided one of the best instruments of torture for the paraplegics' almost unremitting practical jokes. Herbie Wolf, one of Brando's best friends, wheeled into the ward one afternoon, fuming at the actor for embarrassing him the night before. Brando was lying in exhausted stupor on his bed when Wolf began to roll it up. Despite the actor's

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



WEDDING AFTERMATH is pathetic moment when Ken begins to feel he has made a mistake. He leaves his bride (Teresa Wright), returns to hospital.

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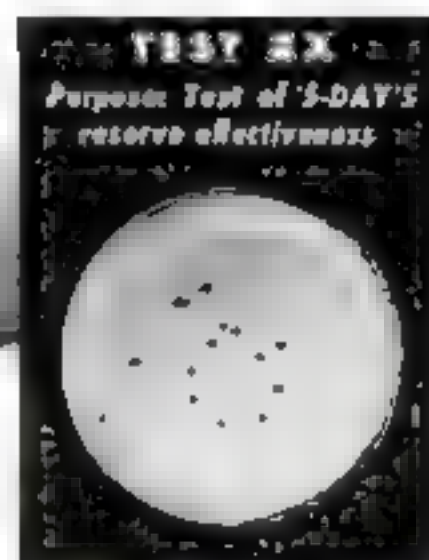
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**8 times*
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The miracle is in the pad! Far cleaner. Far more convenient. No fuss. No muss. No mess. The perfect way to apply a deodorant.

Safely checks perspiration more effectively, too! Contains twice* as much active anti-perspirant than an average of leading brands tested. Yet, laboratory pH tests prove 5-Day milder—harmless to skin and clothes.

Greater reserve protection! Laboratory tests show that hours after application 5-Day's exclusive formula is 8 times* more effective in keeping you safe from underarm odor than an average of leading brands tested. No other deodorant or deodorant soap tested can keep you so safe from underarm odor—so long.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK if not completely satisfied.

*All comparative figures mentioned in this ad are based on the average of laboratory tests of leading deodorants. Name of independent laboratory available on request.

25¢ 55¢
\$1.00

**WHAT YOU CAN
DO ABOUT
TOOTH DECAY!**



**Get after the cause with
this "PRO" Tooth Brush.
It has the scientific End-
Tuft for more effective
cleaning!**



Stop tooth decay at its source with the Pro-phy-lac-tic "PRO" Tooth Brush! The scientific End-Tuft makes it easy to clean between back teeth where food acids so often start trouble.

After every meal... brush then rinse! This method definitely reduces decay, as proved by outstanding dental authorities.

No dentifrice—no matter how good—can effectively reduce decay, except with frequent, thorough brushing! Today get a Pro-phy-lac-tic "PRO" Tooth Brush and start on the road to improved dental health.



STARTING YOUNG. Brando at 13 expertly thumbs nose at sister Frances. She is now an artist. His oldest sister Jocelyn (center) is a successful actress.

BRANDO CONTINUED

alternate pleas and threats to "drown you in the swimming pool," Wolf continued until Brando was firmly wedged between the up-raised ends of his mattress, his knees doubled up under his chin. "Now, you miserable bastard, suffer!" said Wolf and rolled away.

Despite Brando's feeling for the part and his long hours of study, there were times at first when Kramer greatly doubted that he had chosen the right actor. During the mechanical process of rehearsal, says Kramer, Brando was a baby—he mumbled his lines and did not "project" enough for even the other actors to benefit from the rehearsals. Then came the shooting of the first day's scene—the one in which Teresa Wright steals into the darkened ward and confronts her paraplegic lover for the first time, against his will—and Brando summoned the emotion he had been withholding. "Everyone was destroyed," says Kramer. "Suddenly he had bite and power." Even Teresa Wright, after the experience of 12 years of acting, was moved to tears.

"If you believed everything Bud told you," said Grissom, "he would have had the most fabulous life since *Gulliver's Travels*." Not content with his own astonishing self, Brando has at one time or another invented personal histories as fantastic as they are false. For the biographical notes in the program of the first play in which he appeared, *I Remember Mama*, Brando stated that he was born in Calcutta, where his father was engaged in geological research. In later programs he shifted his birthplace to Bangkok. He has told how, having lost his passport in France, he was pursued by the police and had to go about the streets of Nice as a blind Turkish beggar while a beautiful girl companion held out a tin cup for alms. He has wrung the hearts of his listeners with tales of a childhood on a stony Midwestern farm where his two alcoholic parents tried to eke out a miserable living.

Actually Brando was born in Omaha, Neb. on April 3, 1924, of a spirited, talented mother and a prosperous father, who is now a partner in the Chemical Feed Products Co., Inc., a Chicago corporation dealing in mineral feeds for stock. The family always lived in large, comfortable homes and never had less than two servants. The present home, which Brando has described so dimly, is a five-bedroom remodeled farmhouse at Libertyville, Ill., northwest of Chicago. Both parents come of old American stock, originally French on the father's side—the name is believed at one time to have been spelled "Brandeau." As for his pitiful, hard-working boyhood, his grandmother chuckles at the thought of it. "Don't let him fool you—he never did a stroke of manual labor in his life."

A shocker for Shattuck

As a student Brando showed little interest in academic scholarship, much more in the manufacture of homemade bombs with which he plagued his teachers. Such gleeful pastimes resulted in his summary ejection from the Shattuck (military) School in Minnesota a few weeks before he was to graduate. He has been trying to educate himself ever since, although few of his studies could be found on the required curriculum at any university. Between acting assignments he trots off to the New School for Social Research in New York, where he takes courses in psychology, history of art,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

Fast help for HEADACHE

Upset Stomach • Jumpy Nerves



When headache hits, do as millions do. Take Bromo Seltzer right away for fast help. Not only for the pain of headache but also for the upset stomach and jumpy nerves that often go with it.

Quick! Pleasant! Bromo-Seltzer effervesces with split-second action, ready to go to work at once. Caution: Use only as directed.

Proof of popularity: Today more people than ever use Bromo-Seltzer. You must be satisfied or your money back!

Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drug store, fountain or counter today. It's a product of the Emerson Drug Co. since 1887.



GOOD.. any old time!



the cracker
with
that swell
cheese
flavor



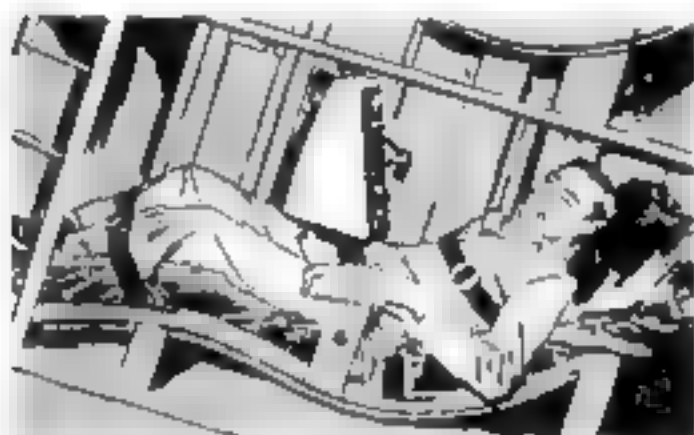
America's
largest selling cheese cracker!

Sunshine Biscuits, Inc.

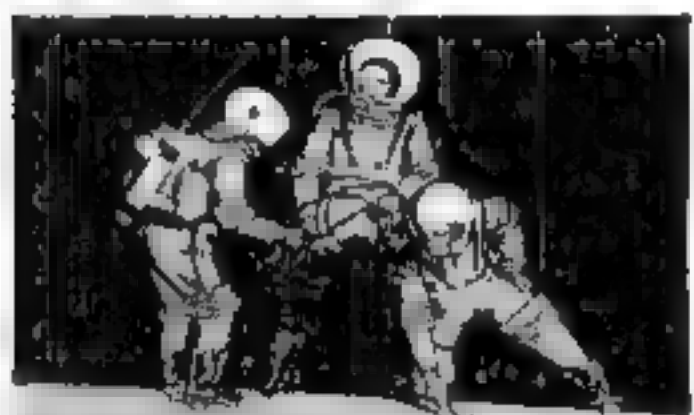
The Greatest Adventure Awaiting Mankind!



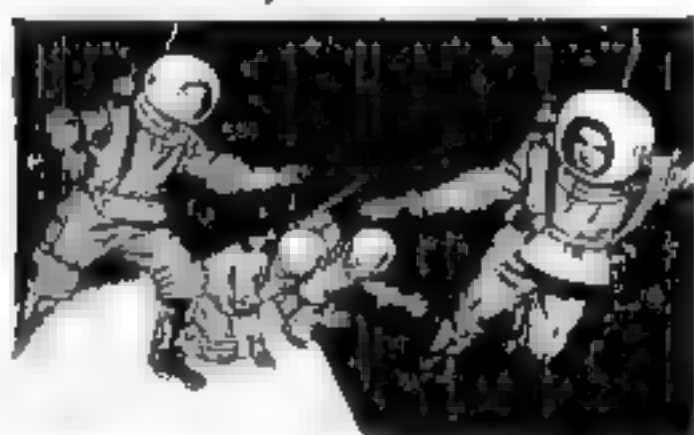
SEE the screen's most heartbreaking farewell! Would you let your man fly to the Moon? Perhaps never to come back?



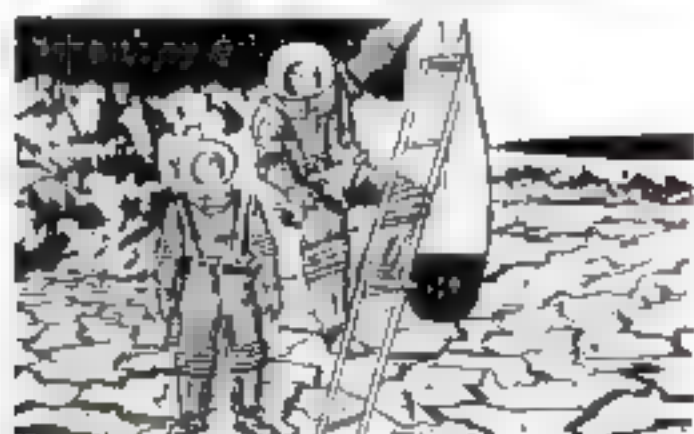
SEE the pull of gravity crush them deep into their crash-couches as the space-ship takes off at 32,000 feet a second.



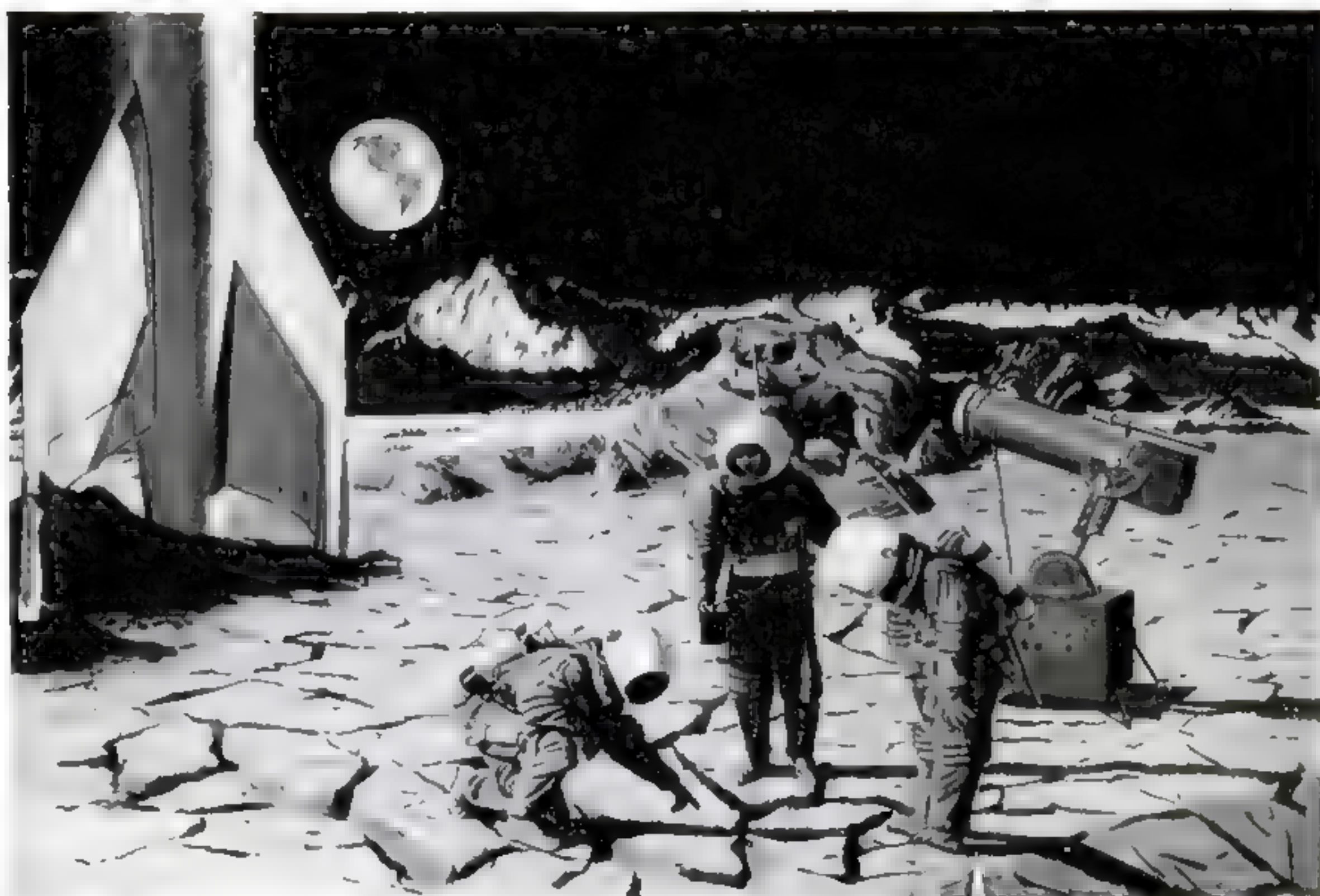
SEE the flyers risk death as they crawl outside the space-ship to repair their short-wave aerial—their only link with Earth.



SEE the slip that sends a crew member adrift in space—facing the doom of floating forever in the vast black universe.



SEE Man's greatest thrill as he finally sets foot on the Moon! Now, at last, his age-old dream of conquering space comes true!



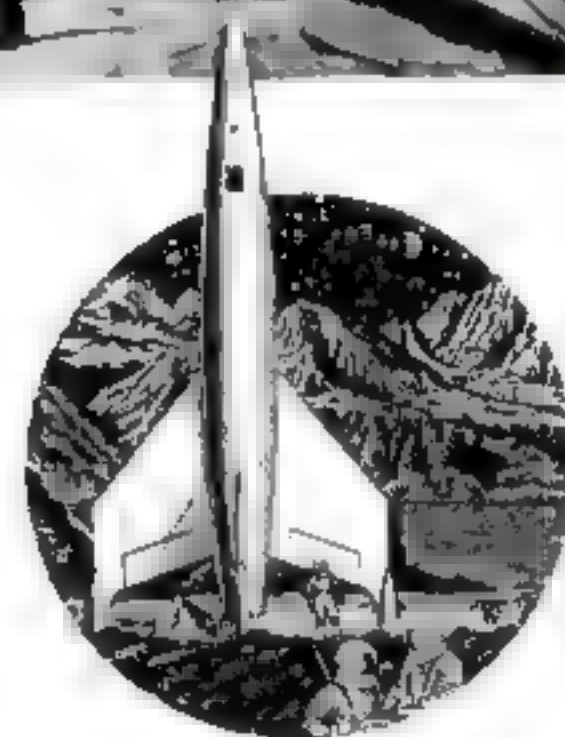
It's Closer than You Think!

Be there! Be with the first men to ride a space-ship to the Moon! It's spine-tingling, perilous adventure!

See how the greatest news story of all time will actually happen! Share this adventure into tomorrow!

Two years in the making, this is the picture you have heard about and have been reading about in LIFE, THIS WEEK, PARADE, the popular science magazines, New York Times and many more.

It's a prophecy—not a fantasy! Watch for it at your favorite theatre!



COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

DESTINATION MOON

Produced by GEORGE PAL. Directed by IRVING PICHEL. Screenplay by RIP VAN RONKEL, ROBERT HEINLEIN and JAMES O'HANLON

LOOKING for SOMETHING ?



To find the products
you need—use the
YELLOW PAGES
OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

graphology (he fancies himself an expert at handwriting analysis) and conversational French—though Kramer, when he heard of this, exclaimed, "He doesn't even speak conversational English!" He also studies boxing and yogism, in which he has become so proficient that he is now able to rotate his stomach muscles in a circular motion around his navel. His reading consists almost entirely of "deep stuff," as one of his paraplegic friends remarked. During a party at one of the outpatients' homes, while arguments raged and Dixieland jazz blared from the radio, Brando spent the evening lying on the floor reading Plato's *The Allegory of the Cave*.

Most of his education, however, is the informal sort that one picks up in travel and casual places. He likes to strike up street-corner conversations with strangers on any subject—discussions which frequently become outdoor symposiums as other bystanders are drawn in. Like as not, the debaters will suddenly discover that Brando has disappeared, leaving them to wonder how they all got together in the first place.

Some of his best friends are waifs

WHAT inner conflicts and longings compel Brando's conduct may never be known to anyone but Brando, God and his analyst. At times a rebellious child throwing mud pies at the world, he is often an endearing one. His friends know how forlorn he can be, how stumbling his attempts to express open generosity or affection. As a child he repeatedly turned up with tramps at the kitchen door for his mother to feed. In Hollywood he disappeared two days to nurse a sick man he had never met before. The men at the Kramer office remember Brando's unguarded, almost wistful, attempts to seduce them to dinner and how in a final extremity he would blurt, "If you come I'll treat you!" He spent whole evenings playing with children or animals and once reprimanded John Cooper: "You don't love your cat enough!" He surprised Hollywood's well-preened starlets by preferring the homeliest waifs, blissfully strolling down the street with them, holding hands. "Even in school," says his grandmother, "Bud always fell in love with the cross-eyed girl." Despite an astringent taste in his own acting, he responds easily to the sentimental. While watching a scene from *The Wizard of Oz*—the one in which Judy Garland sees a distant vision of her aunt—Brando broke down and wept, drying his tears on the cheek of the young lady with him.

Brando once told an old friend, "I put on an act sometimes and people think I'm insensitive. Really, it's like a kind of armor because I'm too sensitive. If there are 200 people in a room and one of them doesn't like me, I've got to get out." On another occasion he said, "Maybe in another five years I can learn to be happy."

Perhaps he can. In New York after completion of *The Men*, Brando dined one evening at the Plaza Hotel's Oak Room with George Glass, a Kramer associate, who came away with an awesome, troubled report: "Of course, we had told him he couldn't come in blue jeans and sweat shirt and that he'd have to behave himself. But when he arrived we couldn't believe our eyes. He was wearing a well-fitted blue suit and a fresh shirt and tie. The suit was pressed and his shoes were shined. We had a good dinner and he even picked up the check. He acted just like any other ordinary human being!" Then Glass, as an afterthought, asked, "But is that good?"



AT HOME on Libertyville farm, Brando yawns out porch window at family. Parents are in background; sister, Mrs. Frances Loying, and her daughter in foreground. Family is discussing trip to inspect their Nebraska cattle holdings.

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

New preparation with remarkable
skin-soothing ingredient helps
keep the face looking young
and healthy!

Modern life now means daily shaving for millions of men. But frequent shaving often results in ugly, old-looking skin. To help men solve this problem, we developed Glider—a rich, soothing cream containing a special ingredient to help preserve the youthful qualities of the face.

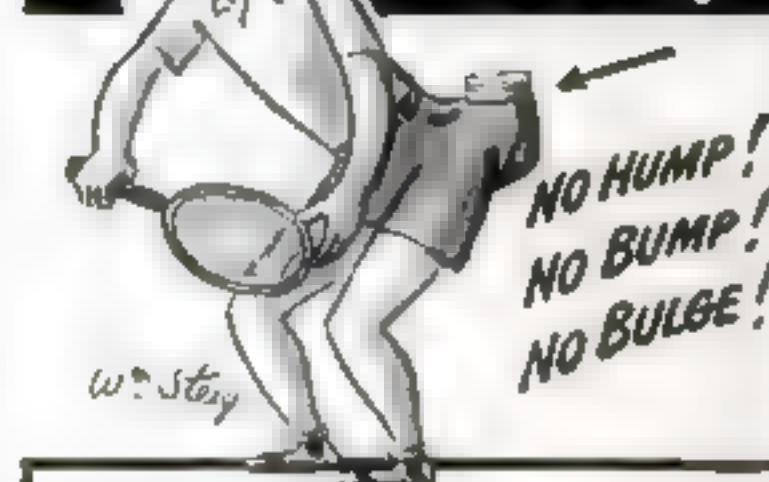
Now—every time you shave with Glider—you give your face the benefit of this wonderful substance . . . and you finish your shave looking and feeling remarkably fit!

TRY A TUBE AT OUR EXPENSE

You can get Glider at any toilet-goods counter. Or we'll be glad to mail you a guest-size tube—enough for three full weeks—absolutely free. Just write The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. LG-6, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

Charles S. Campbell
PRESIDENT

ONLY Edgeworth comes in a REAL POUCH!



- Fits snug in your pocket—like a handkerchief
- Preserves that famous Edgeworth flavor

Enjoy today's super-mild Edgeworth





Summer fun !

Sumptuous eating on a summer day . . . cooling, creamy SEALTEST Ice Cream. It's fun to make your own refreshing sundaes and cooling drinks . . . or enjoy them at your favorite fountain. SEALTEST Ice Cream is famed for quality, for delicious, nourishing goodness. SEALTEST tastes best . . . that's why it's America's best liked, best selling ice cream.



When it's hot—you need a lot. Take home the handy SEALTEST have-it-again half-gallon. Keep it in your freezer compartment.



Sealtest
ICE CREAM

Buy the best...buy *Sealtest*

You'll find the SEALTEST trademark only on products of divisions of National Dairy Products Corporation. It is your assurance of purity, quality, and delicious flavor . . . in Ice Cream, Milk, and other dairy products.



No more punching



No more dust —
doesn't create allergies



No more sweltering



No more fluffing



Now! The Finest of all Foam Pillows

Plumper, cooler, more buoyant, super comfortable

— made by Goodyear's Double-Foam process

You can be glad you waited until now to get foamed latex pillows. For now Goodyear—pioneer of latex cushioning in mattresses, furniture and cars—brings you foam pillow perfection in the new **Airfoam** pillow.

Airfoam pillows are made by Goodyear's Double-Foam process. Double-Foaming makes latex smoother, softer, fluffier, airier. As a result **Airfoam** pillows are thicker, cooler, more buoyant and dustless. Here's what they mean in better sleep:

Night-long comfort. **Airfoam** is composed of millions of tiny air cells that cushion every turn of your head with magic buoyancy.

Always cool and clean. Air circulating through these cells keeps **Airfoam** pillows fresh and cool—nice to be next to—even in muggy weather.

Dust-free—Because they are self-ventilating, **Airfoam** pillows don't collect or exude dust—

don't excite old allergies or create new ones.

Never need fluffing. **Airfoam** pillows never flatten down, so they never need fluffing or patting into shape—during the night or when making the bed. They hold their airy plumpness all through the night—year after year.

Be sure to get the genuine. There are many kinds

of foam latex pillows, but only one **Airfoam** pillow, made by the Double-Foam process that insures extra buoyancy, extra comfort—plus Goodyear quality. Sold at all good department and bedding stores. A wonderful gift to your family or friends—a “must” for the sleepless.

Goodyear, Airfoam Dept., Akron 16, Ohio

Airfoam **SUPER-CUSHIONED
PILLOWS BY
GOOD YEAR**

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Airfoam—T.M.
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



COWBIRD, WHICH NEVER BUILDS ITS OWN NEST, LAYS ITS EGGS IN ONE BELONGING TO A RED-EYED VIREO. VIREO'S NEST IS CAMOUFLAGED WITH LICHEN

LAZY BIRD

COWBIRD USES OTHER NESTS,
OTHER PARENTS TO REAR YOUNG

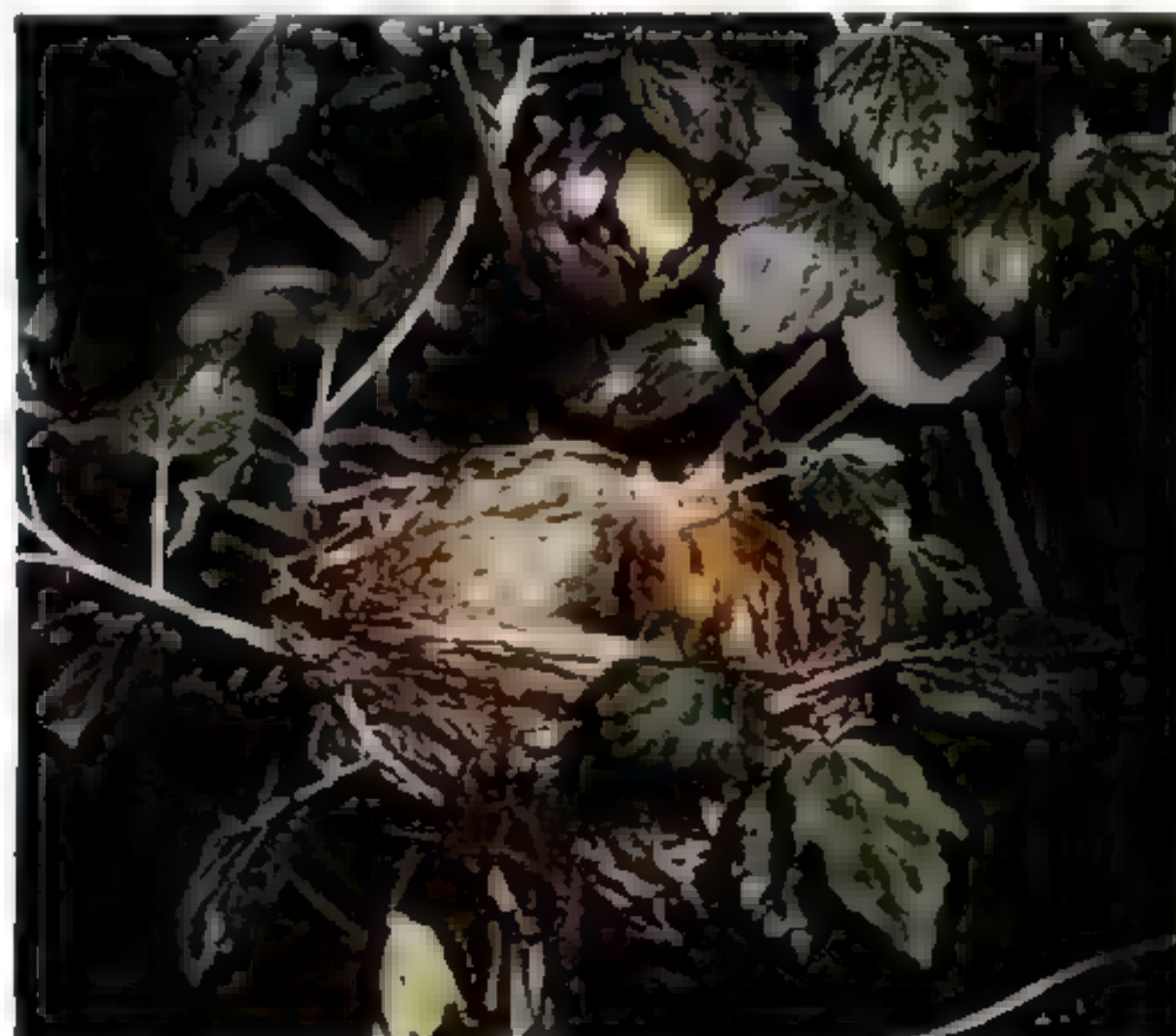
The cowbird, the pesky parasite which lays its eggs in other birds' nests, is such a sly, furtive creature that it is seldom caught in the act of interloping. Naturalist Hal Harrison, who took the pictures on this page, spent weeks tramping through the woods of Pennsylvania before getting the very rare color photograph above.

The cowbird usually lays its eggs at dawn, when most birds are hunting food. Other birds

generally do not mind the strange eggs, hatch them along with their own. But the cowbird's usually hatch sooner, and the fledglings are apt to show their parasitical streak right off by crowding any unhatched eggs out of the nest. If this does not happen, the young cowbirds, because they are bigger, are likely to starve the real offspring of their foster parents by grabbing every worm and insect brought into the nest.



STRANGE EGG, left by a cowbird, is found by a tawny brown veery returning to its nest built in a low shrub. Cowbird eggs are speckled, the veery's are bluish.



UNINVITED GUEST, a young cowbird, opens beak to receive food from foster parent, a chestnut-sided warbler. Fledgling cowbird is larger than adult warbler.

STRETCH

YOUR MILEAGE!



Get America's Favorite — Flying Horsepower —

EXCEPTIONAL
Road Performance with
ECONOMY!

31 different makes of American cars proved Flying Horsepower in the 1950 Mobilgas Grand Canyon Run — *Averaged 22 miles per gallon.*

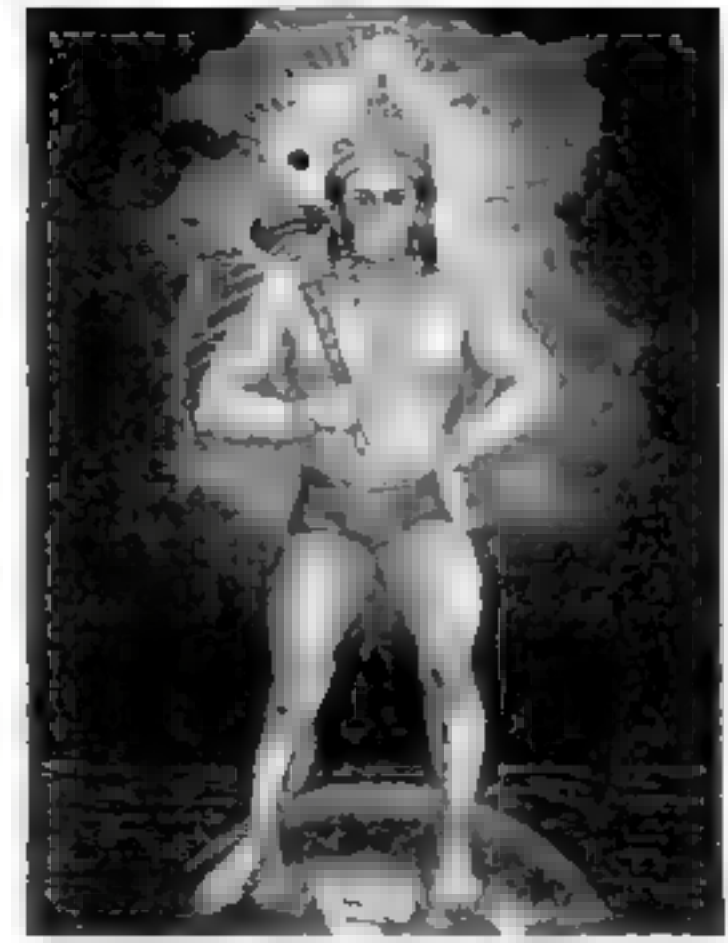
You can improve your own car's mileage if you'll use Mobilgas Special — keep your entire car in top shape with

Mobil-Care—and drive carefully.

17 improvements in Mobilgas Special quality just since the war, mean you get smooth, steady power, exceptional economy, trouble-free performance, with every tankful of Mobilgas Special! *It's continually New!*

Continually **NEW**
Mobilgas Special





THESE FOUR CONCEPTIONS OF GREAT HINDU MONKEY GOD, HANUMAN, ARE PRINTED IN GAUDY COLORS AND HUNG FOR GOOD LUCK IN MANY HINDU HOMES

INDIA'S MONKEY MENACE

Hindus are bedeviled by a rapacious simian horde, which takes unfair advantage of "divine" descent

In India a few weeks ago a swarm of monkeys boarded a train stopping at the sacred city of Hardwar. One monkey snatched a sheet from a passenger's berth, dragged it halfway across the station platform. Another picked up a tube of toothpaste and squeezed it over a sleeping passenger's clothes. The monkeys went scot-free. Because Hindus believe all living things carry a spark of divinity, they are reluctant to kill any animals, and in the United Provinces, where these pictures were taken, monkeys are especially venerated. It was from here, according to Hindu mythology, that Hanuman, a monkey chieftain (*above*), once led a horde of monkeys to save a beautiful princess. India abounds with shrines inscribed to "Hanuman . . . wisest among the wise . . . with a body as radiant as gold." Millions of Hanuman's "descendants" run wild over farms and towns,

gorging on India's scarce food supply. Some unorthodox Hindus try to shoot them down, but usually when a locality is overrun, the sacred visitors are caught and escorted by truck or train to the jungles. Last month India's food minister warned, "If monkeys are going to feed on grains, then our children must starve." The monkey menace is aggravated by the diabolic nature of monkeys themselves, who do not stop at having fun with toothpaste. Recently in Lucknow one simian bombardier dropped a chunk of masonry on a man and killed him; another jumped a bank messenger and relieved him of 10,000 rupees. Still another sneaked into a hospital, grabbed a baby from his mother and killed him by chucking him out the window. However, their human neighbors can take some slight comfort from the fact that the monkeys have never taken up the use of firearms.

MONKEYS SWARM UNMOLESTED OVER MAIN STREET AT AJODHYA, WHERE THEY PROBABLY CONSTITUTE THE RULING CLASS—HUMANS, DOGS, RATS INCLUDED





AS TRAIN PULLS INTO STATION AT FYZABAD, MONKEYS HOP ABOARD



NOSY-POKES CLIMB OVER EACH OTHER TO GET AT THE TRAIN'S SOAP AND FOOD



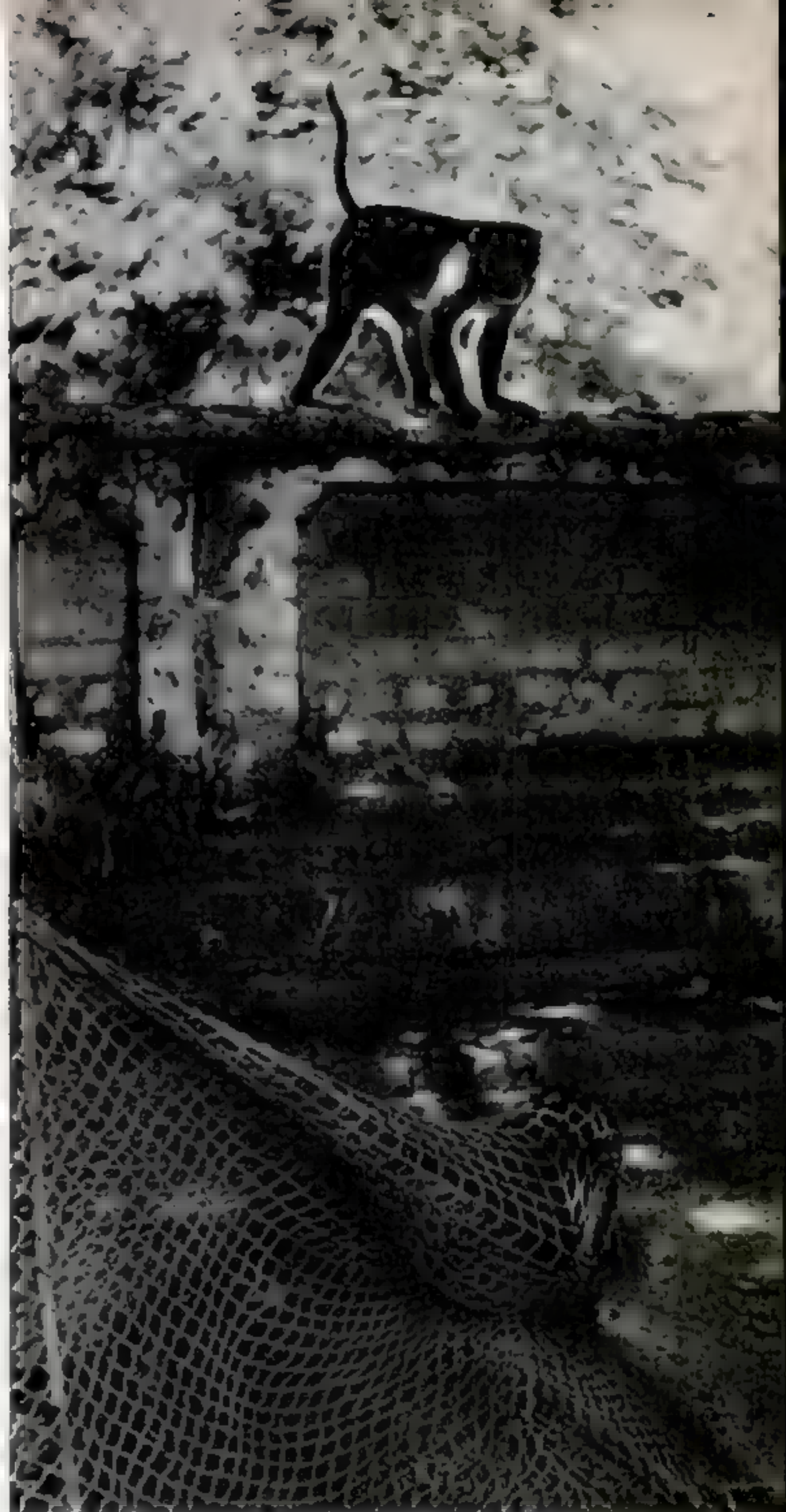
GLEANNING FIELD of mustard near Delhi, monkeys hunt seeds after harvest of main crop. Some farmers guard fields to shoo monkeys away.



STONING A MONKEY, this urchin in the holy city of Ajodhya has not yet learned to venerate sacred simians. Indian monkeys hate children and bite them at every chance.



AGILE, UNINHIBITED MONKEYS SCRAMBLE OVER AJODHYA'S SHOPS AND HOUSES



IF MONKEYS GET TOO THICK, THEY ARE NETTED. SENT TO JUNGLE



MONKEY KING at the celebrated "monkey temple" in Benares on the Ganges River gets a handout from a respectful attendant who sees that king and subjects do not want.



MONKEY FUNERAL at Lucknow follows human pattern. After procession the deceased—wrapped in white, is placed on pyre and cremated.

MONKEY MENACE CONTINUED



MOTHER AND CHILD sit on a ledge at the famous "monkey temple" in the city of Benares, where hundreds of monkeys skitter and squeal and raise their

families in luxury, being fed by temple attendants. Funds for this monkey colony which settled here without invitation are provided by religious Hindus and tourists.



"And this was the worst torture of all. The Shrinking Shirt. Pardon, madam? No, madam, not labeled 'Sanforized'."



"Poppa says not to worry. He's wearing his 'Sanforized' pajamas!"



"T'was nothing at all, Mrs. Murphy. Sure 'n the label says 'Sanforized'."



MISTER! Whoever you are To avoid cotton garments that shrink out of fit, ALWAYS look for, demand, and insist on seeing the "SANFORIZED" trade-mark before you buy! P.S. Tell your missus, too! SEEING IS BELIEVING! MAKE EVEN YOUR FAVORITE SALESMAN SHOW YOU "SANFORIZED" ON THE LABEL!

•SANFORIZED•
TRADE MARK



IN PARIS last month Billy and Nancy posed for this picture for a British lawn tennis magazine.

Nancy Talbert's Wimbledon Week

HER WARDROBE WOWS BRITONS

To the British press Mrs. Billy Talbert, wife of the U.S. No. 2 ranking amateur tennis player, was Wimbledon's most fascinating subject since "Gorgeous Gussie" Moran and her lace panties (LIFE, July 4, 1949). When her husband took her to London last month for the Wimbledon tournament, Nancy Talbert hardly expected the English newspapers to make a fuss over her. It was true that she had wound up No. 29 on a 1948 list of the world's 30 best-dressed women, but at Wimbledon she was just trying to be comfortable. In the hot, muggy English June weather she found her simplest American summer dresses were pleasantly cool, and she had enough to last her the whole tournament. The British press, delighted by her unflagging ability to come up with a fresh-looking, imaginative "new" costume every day, put her on their front pages (above), the *Daily Graphic* headlining its series WIMBLEDON WIFE (DIFFERENT EVERY DAY) WINS FASHION "SET." Said Nancy's husband, "I wish I had done as well." He was upset in the quarter-finals by Budge Patty, who went on to take the championship.



ON MONDAY she wore a brown-and-white-striped Shantung, week's most expensive (\$50) new item.



ON TUESDAY she combined four-year-old pip-pip House with a quilted skirt. Cost: under \$20.



ON THURSDAY she blossomed out with pale pink organdy dress for which she paid \$50 two years ago.



ON FRIDAY she wore nine-year-old wide leather belt for third time that week, with sleeveless dress.



ON WEDNESDAY she wore this blue and white dress made five years ago by her dressmaker for \$25.



ON SATURDAY she put on simple Shantung dress which she designed had made last spring for \$15.



BACK IN NEW YORK Nancy shows new fall outfit she assembled in Europe on tennis tour. Tweed coat, present

from Billy came from Milan, Italy; her umbrella is from Rome, handbag from Nice, beret from men's shop in Paris.



RECREATION ROOM for the younger members (right) has juke box, faces terrace and tennis courts.



STEEL STAIRWAY made one dubious member, a Navy veteran, feel he was "back on a battlewagon."



SUNNY LOUNGE was decorated by Matthew Nowicki with an especially created "Meadow" fabric.



NEW COUNTRY CLUB

Members delight in glass house that can't burn down



AT NIGHT CAROLINA CLUB BLAZES WITH LIGHT ALONG 136-FOOT GLASS WALL. ENTIRE AREA CAN BE MADE INTO HUGE BANQUET HALL.

Twice in the last 30 years the exclusive Carolina Country Club in Raleigh, N.C., has burned to the ground. This summer, tired of fires, the 525 members are leading elegant, if somewhat open, lives in a new glass-walled building (*above*), one of the first truly modern clubhouses in America.

Designed by Member William Henley Detrick and costing \$320,000, its front wall is made of sliding eight foot glass panels which open on the golf course and bring the outdoors into the dining room, ballroom and lounge (but not, of course, the locker rooms). Interior walls of steel,

brick and stone cut fire hazard to a minimum. At first older members thought the radical design "not homey enough," but after getting used to their spacious glass house almost all of them are enthusiastic. "After all," one explained, "we're not supposed to be at home."



IN 1839 IN LONDON SHE LED HER LAST SONG AS GENERAL OF THE ARMY

RELIGION

EVANGELINE BOOTH IS

The life span of Salvation Army's "white angel"

Four months after William Booth, one of the 19th Century's great religious leaders, founded the Salvation Army in 1865, his seventh child, Evangeline, was born in London. Booth soon discovered his little "Eva" had special talents for the Army's work. As a child she delivered impromptu sermons in the kitchen and later sold *The War Cry*. In her early teens she made her first public speech; at 23 she became a commissioner, a reward for exceptional work in the London slums and at seaside towns. Whenever trouble reared, William Booth had a stock answer: "Send Eva." In her 30 years (1904 to 1934) as the Army's U.S. commander, she made its American branch the world's strongest.



FOUNDERS were William Booth, former Methodist preacher, wife Catherine.



EARLY MEETING PLACES were rented halls, where the Army's workers met with those in trouble. "A man is down but never out" is slogan.



RAGGED COSTUME, accordion armed Evangeline for work around Piccadilly Circus.



FIRST DETACHMENT of Army workers bound for France in 1917 gets farewell service from Evangeline on New York rooftop. Army's work overseas in World War I won it eternal respect of U.S. soldiers.



WITH ARMY FLAG, "Blood & Fire," she posed for formal portrait for distribution to the Salvation Army.



IN HAWAII on inspection with Territorial Commander Adam Gifford she allowed herself to be draped incongruously with leis.



IN JAPAN she tried on a kimono, changed to uniform to visit emperor.



IN INDIA in 1936 she wore a native sari, spent six weeks touring Army's outposts among lepers and primitive tribes

"PROMOTED TO GLORY"

began with that of the legion her father founded

To handsome Evangeline Booth the Army always came first. Often proposed to, she never married. When her older brother Bramwell, who had succeeded their father as General, was deposed in 1928 because of his views on succession to the generalship, Evangeline regretfully sided with the majority. In 1934 she herself was elected General, the first and only woman to occupy that position. After her retirement in 1939 the Army's "white angel" lived quietly, playing the harp and composing hymns and band music at her Hartsdale, N.Y. home. There, at 84, she died last week. The grieving Army would find solace in the fact that, to its Christian soldiers, death is "promotion to glory."



AT FUNERAL, BAND PLAYS HYMN AS CASKET IS BORNE FROM ARMY TEMPLE



SELLING ARMY PAPER, *The War Cry*, Army lassies ventured into toughest London and New York districts.



FATHER, DAUGHTER never differed on Army matters. He died at 83 in 1912.



SOUP KITCHENS earned Army popularity among poor and a reputation among worldly for "soup, soup, salvation."



CHRISTMAS BASKETS, each one containing a copy of *The War Cry*, were distributed by Evangeline (left, seated) in New York despite a temporary illness.



EVANGELINE AND BRAMWELL were cordial when they met in New York in 1920. After they broke in 1928 Bramwell refused to see her again. He died next year.



DRIVING HORSECART, she entertains children at big garden party in Hertfordshire in 1938. Years when she was General were most arduous of her career.



AT RETIREMENT she sits with cohorts who met to choose her successor.



AT RALLY in 1945 with Marshall, she made one of her last public appearances.



WEATHERBEATEN, modern man sometimes feels as if the sun were always beating murderously down on him while the Gulf Stream glimmers with weird

fish) creep closer, making things even hotter. Meanwhile he is beset by winds, high tides and rain, yet he always seems to be on an island without enough water

THAT INFERNAL WEATHER

What it does to you. . . . What you can do about it

by ROBERT COUGHLAN

SWITWARE LONG of 2227 Georgia Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. bit his dog a few months ago. Not long afterward Mauna Loa erupted, and Mr. and Mrs. John J. O'Connell, newlyweds of New York City, found a charming apartment simply by walking in and asking the building superintendent if one were available. A bit later English pub-keepers began to chill their beer instead of serving it at room temperature, a breach of custom without precedent; French and German politicians got together in a statesmanlike plan toward accomplishing Franco-German unity; a train of the Long Island Rail Road pulled into a commuter station exactly on time; and a gray mist covering one million square miles appeared in the western Pacific. A House of Representatives committee cut (did not add) \$159 million from a Rivers and Harbors bill. The Cincinnati Reds beat the Brooklyn Dodgers. Everywhere lately, as these diverse symptoms indicate, the world has seemed at sixes and sevens. Strange things happen and an odd mood prevails.

Until the contrary can be proved, many people will be convinced that this has something to do with the weather. It has been undeniably peculiar lately, with flash floods, winter heat waves, water famines and assorted meteorological novelties that make even the weather experts scratch their heads. A popular lay explanation is that the atmosphere has been poisoned by fumes from the atomic bomb factories, although many members of the older generation discount this belief as a fad. Charles Balz, 75, of 353 Mosholu Parkway, The Bronx, a retired furniture salesman who has taken an interest in the matter for many years, suspects that the cause goes back much further, to the opening of the Panama Canal. "The climate hasn't been the same since they did it," he recalls. "It seems to have sent the Gulf Stream off its course." People of intermediate years, on the other hand, place the change at about the time radio broadcasting started. Students of sun spots and believers in the imminence of the Second Coming have their own explanations.

Whatever the reason, the general impression that *something* is wrong is quite correct. The climate is changing. Moreover it is entirely true that climate and weather have decided effects on the behavior of human beings. At this season of the year, when refrigerators are defrosting spontaneously and photographers are busy with their annual ritual of frying eggs on pavements, it is well to consider these effects and what to do about them.

First of all, no one should be deceived by

optimists who maintain that the discomforts associated with heat are "all mental." On the contrary, they are mostly physical. The human body is a good deal like an internal-combustion engine: its energy is supplied by oxidization—a process chemically identical to burning—of foodstuffs within its billions of cells. Like any other engine it must dispose of waste heat. As a matter of fact, its efficiency in this regard is comparatively low. Whereas the diesel engine converts as much as 40% of the energy of combustion into useful work, the body can manage only about 25%, leaving the remaining 75% to be dissipated via a complicated system of plumbing that will be described later. Hot weather, especially when accompanied by high humidity, interferes with the proper functioning of this apparatus, with the result that waste heat backs up in the tissues, leading to progressive stages of discomfort and ultimately, in extreme cases, to heat prostration, which can be fatal.

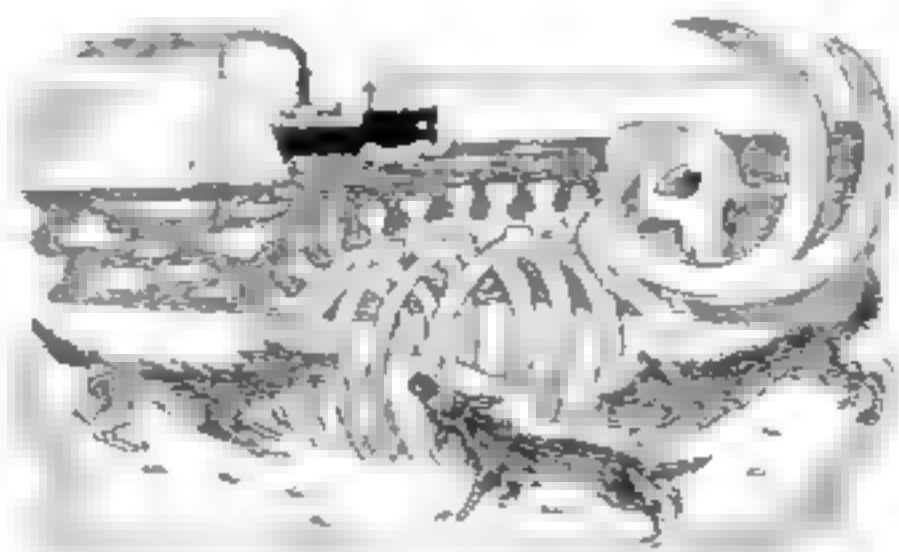
The disappearing icecaps

ARELATED, and no more encouraging, factor is that U.S. temperatures are on their way up. Records at Washington, D.C. show an increase of three degrees in the mean annual temperature during the last hundred years; and such other long-range records as exist indicate that an increase of from one to four degrees has taken place throughout much of the country and possibly much of the world. One sign that the temperature rise may be general is that the north polar icecap has been retreating at a rate estimated at about 500 feet a year, thus uncovering from time to time the long-frozen carcasses of Siberian mammoths, whose meat is said to be of fair quality but tough. There is evidence that the antarctic cap is retreating too, although no long-range records have been kept and hence there are no estimates as to the rate. These polar caps, which have disappeared completely during

various warm eras of the earth's recent history, may be in the process of doing so again. C. E. P. Brooks, a British specialist in their behavior, estimates that they are now down to their "critical size"—the size at which they no longer chill passing air masses enough to maintain themselves with fresh snow—and that their rate of melting accordingly may increase rapidly. When and if this process is complete, the ocean level will have risen at least 90 feet, causing a dislocation of property values in such shore settlements as New York City, San Francisco and New Orleans.

So far, however, during the present warm era, the oceans have risen at most only an inch or two, and it will be a very long time before gondolas may replace the carriages in Central Park. There is enough cause for present concern in the temperature rise that has already taken place, which, though numerically small, is enough to have produced important climatic effects. Particularly in the North Atlantic region, but to a lesser extent throughout much of the country, it has made the winters milder than in grandfather's day, just as he has been declaring, and it has made the summers longer and hotter. In general the result has been the same as if the whole of North America had melted slightly and, like warm wax, had begun to flow irregularly toward the equator, with a maximum flow of about 200 miles. New York now has the climate that Baltimore had a hundred years ago, and Montreal (where snowfall has declined from about 130 inches annually in the 1880s to only about 80 inches nowadays) has inherited approximately the old New York climate while New Orleans is heading tentatively toward Yucatan. The tropics gradually are enfolding the southernmost states, and the northern ones are getting warmer summers and losing their traditionally bitter winters.

Winter sports fans excepted, this news may be greeted with good humor by most Northerners. But more is involved than chilblains. When the surrounding temperature makes the disposal of waste heat difficult the body tends automatically to lower its rate of internal combustion, so that a minimum of heat is produced and a minimum thus needs to be got rid of. The result is a general slowing down of most of the vital processes of life. Growth tends to be retarded: tropical peoples ordinarily are smaller and lighter in physique than those in temperate zones; farm animals likewise are smaller and take two or three times as long to reach a marketable weight; even the onset of menstruation in girls seems to be delayed. Dr. Clarence Mills, professor of experimental



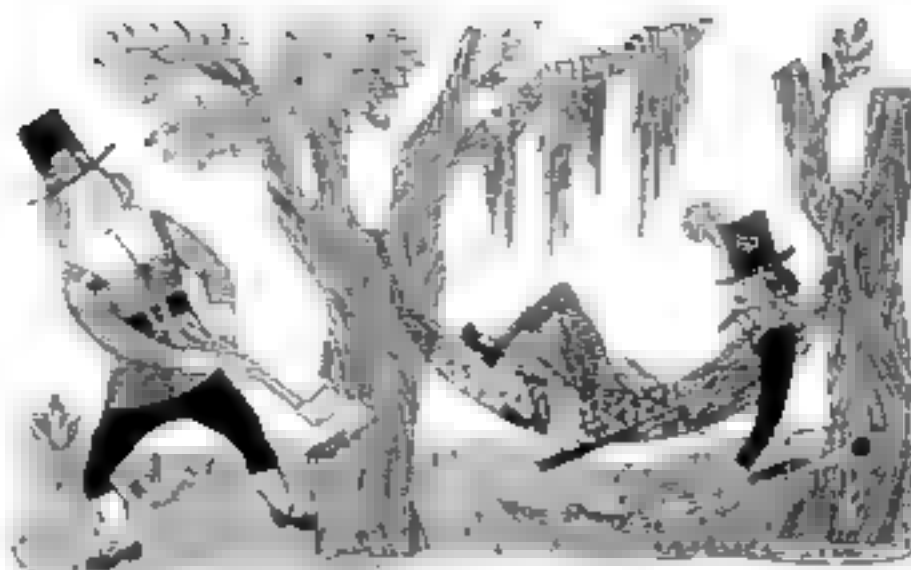
MELTING ICECAPS near North Pole are warming up world, uncovering long-frozen mammoths.

medicine at the University of Cincinnati, who has spent much of his career studying the medical aspects of climate and weather, has found not only that tropical women mature from a year to several years later than those of the temperate zones, but that there usually is an additional period of a year or so during which they are infertile, even though ovulation takes place. There are exceptions, of course, and these, Mills believes, together with the custom of early marriage and the lack of sexual inhibition common among tropical peoples, account for the "child mothers" often seen among them, and probably also for the high tropical birth rate and the widespread belief in early tropical maturity. That the latter idea is untrue has been verified by his experiments with laboratory animals: those raised in a hot environment mature late, conceive late and, moreover, are less fertile throughout their lives. Even a fairly short exposure to severe heat has a striking effect on conceptions. In Florida, for example, they have been known to fall off 35% in the summer, and heat waves in the northern states are followed nine months later by slack times for obstetricians. This is not an exact measure of fertility, of course, but Dr. Mills, from his researches, is convinced that opportunities for conception do not decline much during the heat, and hence that fertility itself declines.

The human mating season

CONCEPTIONS reach their maximum under temperate conditions. They are even fewer in the coldest months than in the hottest ones and have their annual peaks during the spring and fall. The late Ellsworth Huntington, research associate in geography at Yale, found a good deal of evidence that for humans, as well as most other members of the animal kingdom, spring is the natural mating season. Babies conceived then are, on the average, healthier and have a longer life span (by about four years) than those conceived at any other time and seem also to have a better chance of making a success in their careers. Huntington analyzed the biographies in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, for instance, and found that among the "supremely eminent"—whose biographies ran to more than five columns—those conceived in early spring exceeded the average by 32%. *American Men of Science* likewise is populated mostly with late-winter and spring products, with the latter much more numerous. Lest people who had the luck to be conceived then should give way to conceit, it is necessary to point out that spring conceptions also produce the highest percentage of criminals and imbeciles.

Along with the basic biological functions, there is evidence that the more subtle ones of memory, learning and thought are influenced by the heat. It is not surprising that this should be so, for thinking is as much a physiological process as walking or breathing. Thus Mills has found, for example, that "college students, given the standard aptitude or intelligence tests at Cincinnati latitudes across the country, achieve ratings only 60% as high in summer heat as in winter cold." With this apparent decline in mental abilities, irrational impulses are more likely to be indulged. Huntington found that while mental alertness is highest in the temperate zones in March, and physical energy highest



TOILING PURITANS cleared trees; Southern settlers used them for hammocks while slaves did work.

in the late fall and early winter, riots, revolutions and similar public disorders usually occur during the hot weather, especially during the month of July. The peak in sex crimes, insanity and suicide comes earlier, in May and June. The high incidence of sex crimes then probably is a reflection of the seasonal mating urge just noted, and this may also account indirectly for the peaks in the other two items since both often may be the consequence of psychosexual tensions.

For mankind in general and Americans in particular, some important conclusions follow from these assorted facts. If the temperature rise continues, much of the world eventually will be heated beyond the limits of best human efficiency. What may be an historic parallel exists within fairly recent history. According to Brooks, at about the time the Roman Empire was at its peak (200 A.D.) a warm era like the present one set in and continued until about 1000 A.D. It had some good effects: grapevines flourished in England, and the Norsemen, temporarily thawed and energized, set forth to colonize Iceland and discover Greenland and America. But elsewhere a widespread stagnation slowly set in, and the era is called appropriately the Dark Ages. The warmth gradually gave way before a new advance by the polar ice—and in due course the Dark Ages were supplanted by the Revival of Learning, crowned by the Renaissance and the rise of modern civilization. Needless to say, other factors besides climate were involved; but the climatic curve was, at minimum, an interesting coincidence. It is of interest, also, that Dark Ages temperatures probably were only four or five degrees warmer than those that followed. With Philadelphia, for example, already four degrees warmer than a century ago, that city would seem nearly to have completed the return trip, and much of the North Temperate Zone (there are few statistics for the southern zone) evidently is headed toward the same fate.

If climate does indeed have an effect on the energies of nations, the U.S. is among those with most to lose by such a development, for its climate by and large has been



GROWING PROCESS is affected by climate too: men and cattle grow bigger in north than in tropics.

one of the most energizing during the nation's whole history. Canadians and, it is necessary to add, Russians may, on the other hand, inherit the future climatically. In parts of Canada wheat cultivation has already advanced northward 200 to 300 miles. Temperatures in the Urals have risen sporadically for a century, and in parts of Siberia the area of permanently frozen ground is retreating northward several dozen yards a year. The White Sea is open to navigation about a month longer than before; and when the Russian icebreaker *Sedov* drifted across the Arctic Ocean in 1939, covering much the same route as Nansen's *Fram* in 1893-95, it made the trip in six months instead of 19, encountering temperatures 32.7 degrees warmer and ice reduced in thickness from 140 inches to 86 inches. Huntington, for one, believed that the emergence of the U.S.S.R. as a dominant power has been the result not only of the Communist but of the climatic "revolution," and that the undeniable energy of the Russian people today reflects not merely ideological zeal but the fact that, for the first time in centuries, they feel warm enough to leave their samovars and take an interest in their surroundings.

Like the melting of the polar caps, however, the decline and fall of the U.S. climatologically is not an immediate threat. Meantime there are matters of more practical importance. One is how to get the most out of the present climate. Another is how to survive the heat of the present summer.

Americans are almost alone in being able to choose their climate, for few other countries offer such climatic opposites as, say, the Florida Everglades and Maine woods, or the Arizona deserts and the Wisconsin meadows. Migratory by instinct, and mobile in their 35 million cars, perhaps most Americans dream of leaving the climatic horrors of wherever they live and finding a place where the climate "agrees" with them. The question thus is: what, actually, is the "best" climate?

As with everything else concerning climate, there is a variety of opinions. However, according to S. F. Markham, an English climatologist whose analysis seems the most balanced and thorough, it is a climate in which daily temperatures range between 60° and 76°, with moderate humidity (from 40% to 70%) and, of course, sunshine and mild breezes. In an environment such as this, Markham believes, most people feel their best and do their best work.

The advantage of storms

HOWEVER, there is another consideration which greatly confuses the issue. The ideal climate plainly should not include severe storms; yet without a good deal of storminess, humans sooner or later tend to lose energy. For instance, it is not merely the long, depressive summer heat that makes the Southerner typically less aggressive than the Northerner, but the fact also that the polar fronts have lost some of their impetus by the time they approach the South and hence produce fewer and milder storms there on a year-around average. Conversely the North Central and Northeastern states receive the full impact of these storm-bearing fronts, and these sections typically produce a go-getter outlook on life that the Southerner finds unpleasant and pointless. The storm tracks are such, incidentally, that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

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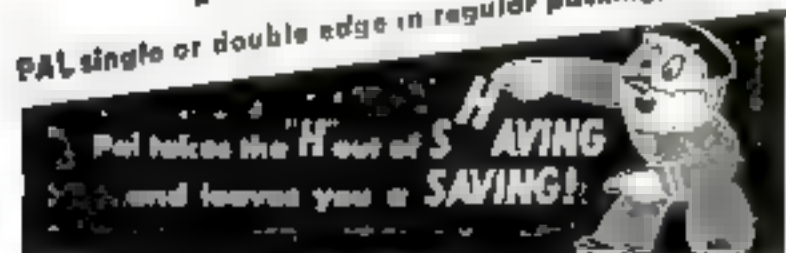
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THE CLIMATE CONTINUED

Texas gets almost as much storminess as Chicago, which may explain something about the Texans.

An inquiry as to the "best" climate must therefore dissolve into two separate ones: best for getting ahead and best for taking it easy. But these in turn involve a balancing of evils. If one is ambitious and heads north for fame and fortune, he must, according to Mills, reckon on a greater possibility of dying of heart failure or other disorders of the circulatory system, and of falling ill meantime with diabetes, toxic goiter, pernicious anemia, acute appendicitis, rheumatism, arthritis, bronchitis, sinusitis and other respiratory diseases, and of going insane,



HOTHEADS precipitate more riots and assaults under July sun than at any other time of the year.

since all these appear to be encouraged by the stimulating northern climate. On the other hand, if he should abjure wealth for health and go south, he will run a greater risk of dying from any major infection or infectious disease since the body's white cells become sluggish in southern heat and are less able to fight infection. He also risks murder, which occurs about three times as often in the South.

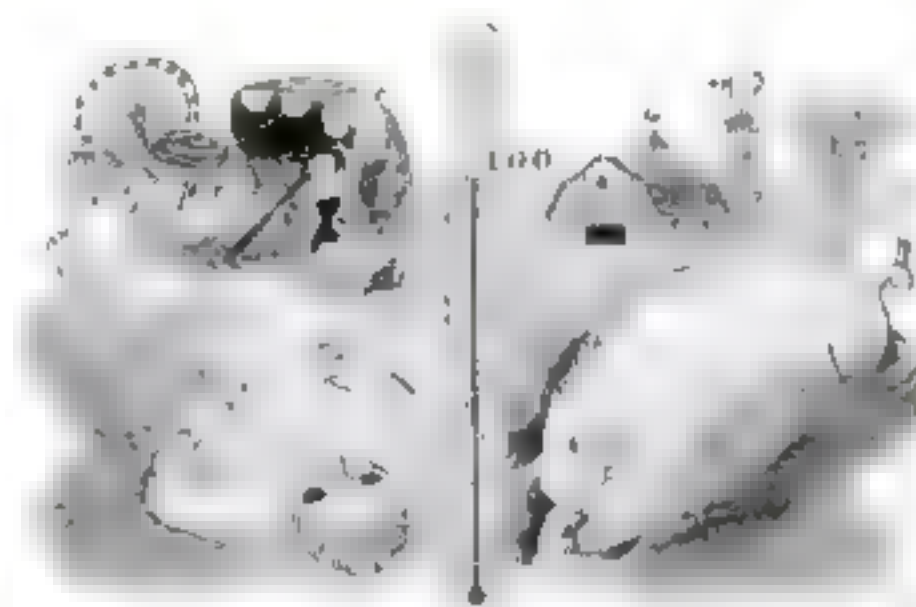
Migration for health, then, must be calculated on an individual basis. According to Mills, old people and people who suffer from metabolic or cardiovascular diseases—such as severe diabetes, pernicious anemia, high blood pressure, arteriosclerosis—benefit by going to a warm, moist climate such as Florida's, where the subtropical heat soon lowers their rate of metabolism and automatically reduces the work load on the affected parts. On the other hand, sufferers from rheumatic and chronic respiratory afflictions and cases of mental exhaustion or "nervous breakdown" would do better to go to the Southwest and southern California. The reason is that this area has relatively few storms, whereas Florida and the Gulf Coast not only get a number of winter storms—and have more thunderstorms than any place else in the country—but are in the hurricane belt; and storms seem to foment the illnesses in the second category. Permanent settlers should, however, be sure to pick locations at moderately high altitudes, so as to avoid the debilitating summer heat of the Southwest and the quick weather changes that sometimes occur along the southern California coast.

For the average man, of normal good health and moderate ambition, a narrow strip along the Pacific coast from Los Angeles to Seattle is perhaps climatically near the ideal. The lower part of this area is sunny and dry, and the upper part is cool and, at the extreme north, very rainy. Yet throughout, the average temperatures the year around are never far from the optimum for comfort, and at the same time there is enough storminess in most of the area to supply a desirable amount of stimulation. Since it is geographically in the middle, the most fortunate site of all along these blessed shores is San Francisco's. Here, provided one lives above the belt of low-lying fogs, there is perpetual spring. Having achieved the climatic millennium, many San Franciscans apparently find no more to ask of life, for their suicide rate is one of the highest in the country.

For the inhabitants of less favored areas nature luckily has provided an ingenious cooling system. Excess heat can leave the body in three ways: by radiation, convection and evaporation. Sitting under a shade tree, for instance, is cooling not only because the leaves cut off the heat of the sun, but because leaves are cooler than human flesh and figuratively pull the heat out of it toward themselves. Similarly a man can keep comfortably warm in a room at zero temperature provided the walls, floor or ceiling are heated; or he can keep cool at 100°F. if they are cooled, for they will draw off heat from him. Such are the facts of radiation, and during a heat wave they help very little unless one does not mind having a tub of ice in the parlor.

Better can be said of convection, through which heat is carried away from the skin by the movement of surrounding and cooler air or water. The main lesson to be learned from convection is that summer clothing should be porous and have a flat, smooth finish: porous, so that air can circulate to the skin freely; a smooth finish, so that there are no fuzzy fibers to impede this airflow and so that the garment will stay close to the skin. Oddly, this is an advantage as it reduces the layer of still, insulating air that tends to form on the skin surface. Sheer silk, rayon sheer and voile are at the top of the scale for porosity, while cotton chambray and seersucker, despite their summer popularity, actually allow much less airflow than all-wool tropical worsteds.

When a heat wave raises the temperature of the surrounding air and objects above skin temperatures, radiation and convection unfortunately may work in reverse. The body's last line of defense is evaporation, a thermal marvel by which any liquid, in the mere process of vaporizing, extracts heat from its environment. Humans are exceptionally well equipped in this respect, being covered from top to toe with sweat glands, whereas hogs have practically none (and therefore must depend on hog wallows to keep cool); cats have them only on the balls of their feet; dogs and chickens have only a few and instead evaporate saliva by "panting"; and elephants must rely on their big ears, which in fact are radiators. Among humans Negroes have the most; and since their dark skins absorb more heat, they start to sweat sooner and in greater volume. As between the sexes, there is no difference in the number of glands per square inch of



CONVECTION, science has shown, makes a man about as cool under sand as a hog in its mud wallow.

skin, but men nevertheless sweat more than women. The reason seems to be that women have a more flexible metabolism that enables them to reduce their production of internal heat more easily when hot weather comes, and as a result their "threshold of sweating" is two degrees higher than men's. Similarly Southerners are better off just now than Northerners even though their climate is warmer, for they are acclimated to heat and their metabolism drops more easily. The lowest death rate from heat stroke is in the South. Fat people sweat more than thin people but nevertheless suffer more from the heat because they have a relatively smaller skin

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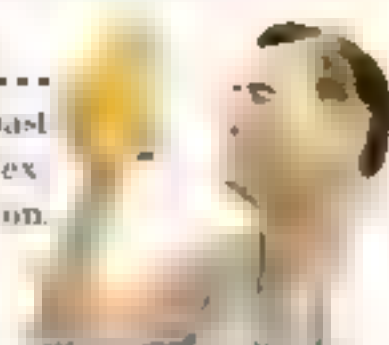


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Johnny’s eyes are pleased by the creamy head—the brilliant amber color.



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surface—hence fewer sweat glands—compared with their weight. And that is the reason why Eskimos, who run to stocky builds and have a layer of subcutaneous fat, are particularly sensitive to heat and keep buying all those electric refrigerators from supersalesmen.

Plainly, sweating is desirable, and full advantage should be taken of it. This is best done by wearing very light but absorbent underclothing, which soaks up the sweat and distributes it uniformly by capillary action, thereby making it available for evaporation on the nearest breeze. Physiologically the only drawback to sweating is that it extracts salt from the body—in summer about a teaspoonful a day—and if this goes on long enough without replacement, heat cramps result. The loss should be made up by eating salty food or taking salt pills. Water intake, of course, must also be increased since even a loss of 20% in the water content of the body is fatal, and a hot day may easily cause a loss through sweat of half a dozen quarts—as many, in fact, as 24 quarts. Liquids should be cool but not ice cold, for in the latter case the mechanisms that operate the heat-loss equipment are fooled into a false security and slow down. Cocktail parties should give way to beer parties in the hot months a) because alcohol is a quick-burning body fuel and makes heat disposal even more of a problem, and b) because the moisture-hungry tissues soak up the beer rapidly, its alcohol included, giving the same effect as hard liquor but at less expense.

Nutritionally perhaps the best hot-weather hint of all is to eat plenty of lean meat. The body needs the same amount of protein (but not of fats or carbohydrates) in summer as in winter—but since appetites are smaller in summer, due to the lower total energy requirement, the proportion of protein should be increased. Eggs, fish, cheese and beans are high in protein, too, but lean meat is the richest source of all, and also has the highest value in thiamin and choline, two vitamin-B-complex fractions that seem especially useful in maintaining metabolic efficiency during prolonged hot weather. Cold cuts will do, but the best source of all is pork. It should come from a northern or western animal, however, for southern feed has a low vitamin-B content and consequently so has southern meat. It is tougher also, because of the longer time it takes the animals to grow to market size, so the extra cooking required for tenderness tends to extract what vitamins it has. Tropical peoples, who need the B vitamins the most, thus actually get the least, which helps additionally to account for their low level of energy.

Each of the foregoing items will help a little, and cumulatively they may even help a lot. But, of course, the body is its own worst enemy in producing heat. Even the lifting of an eyebrow spends energy and sets in motion a far-ranging series of physiological events that result in the production of more heat. The best way of all to avoid discomfort is to do as little as possible, as the natives of tropical countries discovered long ago. The heat sufferer is best advised to dress in a porous, smoothly finished garment and, taking along a ham sandwich, a box of salt tablets and a bottle of something cool, go sit under a leafy tree on a breezy hilltop, thereby bringing into full play the forces of radiation, convection, evaporation and vitamin therapy. He should sit very quietly and, with mordant satisfaction, should think only of how hot the next generation probably will have it.



BEATING THE WEATHER, a wise man sits beneath a tree in a breeze, with meat and a cool drink.

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Now, in addition to familiar BAND-AID® Adhesive Bandage—your favorite protection for little cuts—there are 3 new Johnson & Johnson Elastic Dressings, too.

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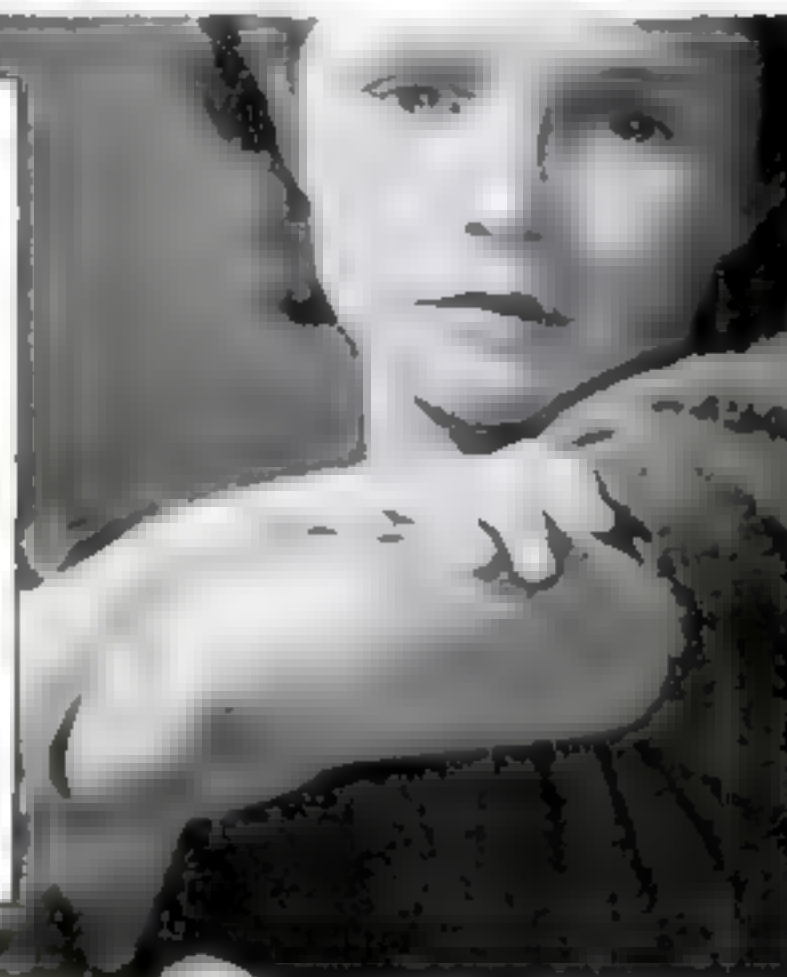
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SAMPLING BEER out of the first pitcher poured at the picnic is the privilege of Louis Rodriguez, the oldest Royal (21) to go along. He also took charge of chartering the bus.



KILLING TIME before leaving, the boys play ball in block which is their Royal preserve. Aboard bus (below) they yell at driver to get going. During ride they drank cans of beer packed on ice in trash cans.



Life Goes on a Picnic with the Royals

NEW YORK CLUB HAS \$252 OUTING

The Royal Social and Athletic Club is one of New York City's more peaceable neighborhood gangs. Its 150 members are known to rival gangs simply as the Royals. Divided into age groups like many gangs, the Royals have a chapter of 42 Juniors, ages 17 to 21. This outfit seldom gets into fights because it is large enough and, when necessary, can be tough enough to keep other gangs away from its block on West 102nd Street. During the summer the boys hang around their candy-store headquarters, play stickball and try to keep out of trouble. Once a year they pool their savings and go on a picnic. This month 23 of them put up \$10.95 each and chartered a bus to take them and a dozen girl friends to Lake Ronkonkoma, a picnic ground on Long Island which has a ball park, a bathing beach and plenty of cold beer for sale. The Royals bought two kegs of beer and spent the day swimming, sunning, playing ball and dancing in the dirt of the ball park with their dates. When it was time to go home they pled the bus driver with beer to soften him up so he would agree to stay longer. He refused, but the Royals, happy and rested, gave him an \$8 tip anyway.



WEARING BOWLER borrowed from a Royal, Mary O'Shea samples pickle from lunch which girls furnished. Lounging with her are (from left) Gus Monahan, John Mulrooney, Dick Duffy, Willie Lanzetta.



UNDRESSING. Sandra Melvett adjusts bathing suit which she wore under dress. She sunbathed but did not go swimming. Boys changed clothes in bus.



DATING for the first time, Willie Brosnan and Peggy Dillon get acquainted by posing together for snapshots (left) before settling down on a beach blanket (above).



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You'll find LECTRIC SHAVE especially effective in the sticky, perspiry days of summer when close, comfortable shaves are most difficult to get. Cool and refreshing, it sets up your shave with a remarkable 4-way action:

1. It evaporates sticky, razor-clogging perspiration. 2. It lubricates skin for faster, more

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Free! Try LECTRIC SHAVE at our expense
LECTRIC SHAVE is available at your nearest drugstore or toilet goods counter. Only 49¢, plus tax—enough for 80 shaves. Or, for a generous free sample, just send your name and address to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. LE-4, Glastonbury, Conn. (Offer good only in U. S. A.)

Fast Relief For Hot, Painful Feet

If you can't get your feet off your mind because they torment you unmercifully—just do this and you'll want to tell everybody about your wonderful experience with Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. Rub your feet with it for a few minutes. You feel its soothing, nerve-quieting, stimulating effect at once. That fiery, aching, sore, tired feeling from exertion and fatigue is soon gone, forgotten. It is amazing how Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm leaves your feet so relieved, rested, refreshed, relaxed and revitalized so quickly. Get a jar today. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores, Toilet Goods Counters.

RELIEVES PAIN OF
HEADACHE • NEURALGIA
NEURITIS

FAST

The way
thousands of
physicians
and dentists
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Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin is like a doctor's prescription—that is, it contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands have been introduced to Anacin through their own dentist or physician. If you have never used Anacin, try it yourself for incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from pain. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

Picnic CONTINUED



ARGUMENT STARTS when treasurer of picnic fund, John Mulroe (in bowler), is faced by trio who have heard rumor that some of the money is missing.



FIGHT STARTS when husband of a woman who has been hit by a baseball angrily approaches ballplayer (in white cap) followed by friends. The Royals



FIGHT ENDS when husband's friends persuade him to forget it. Other Royals besides Donovan jumped into squabble and helped calm down both sides.

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ARGUMENT ENDS after Nora Buckley angrily scolds Jack Wright (left) for making accusations about money. Treasurer proved he spent it on picnic.



are not involved in this dispute, but when they hear the shouting Jerry Donovan, one of their members (left, in striped shirt), comes across field to referee.



PEACE REIGNS in the park and Jackie McShane, elected by the Royals as their picnic chairman, takes time out to light his pipe while guarding the beer.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN



*Makes America's
Most Delicious Gin
Drinks*



*Because
...It's the Gin that gives you all 4*

- ☆ QUALITY
- ☆ SMOOTHNESS
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• FIRST GIN DISTILLED IN AMERICA • DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • 90 PROOF.
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEESKILL, N. Y.

Before you buy in August sales, check this new, important information about sheets!

TESTS PROVE SUPERFINE MUSLIN SHEETS GIVE GREATER STRENGTH, GREATER VALUE

Over 1,000 more threads, over 100,000 more inches of thread than regular muslins
in each average size sheet insure a finer, firmer sheet at a price you want to pay



THE PERFECT TRIO—finer texture, greater strength, longer wear! You get *all three* in Lady Pepperell Superfine Muslins. Each Lady Pepperell Superfine Muslin has over 1,000 more threads, over 100,000 more inches of thread than a regular muslin of the same size. Result: a closer, firmer weave for a finer, stronger sheet. No wonder Lady Pepperells are the finest grade of muslin you can buy. Ask for them in white and 7 "personality" colors at your favorite store.



NEW PROOF OF GREATER STRENGTH! Tests *prove* Lady Pepperell Superfine Muslin Sheets are 33% stronger than lower count muslins *crosswise*, and crosswise threads get most wear, are first to break when sheets wear out! Dollar for dollar, penny for penny, you just can't buy a stronger sheet for your money!



DREAM IN COLOR—IN LADY PEPPERELL MUSLIN SHEETS! Yes, Lady Pepperell Superfine Muslins come in seven "personality" colors! Pink, spring green, peach, aqua, rose, light blue, maize—choose the one that flatters *you* most. Or, if you're a traditionalist, ask for Lady Pepperells in classic white.

LADY PEPPERELL *Superfine* MUSLIN SHEETS

REMEMBER, Pepperell is a promise...
of top quality in fine combed percale
and muslin sheets



PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



GOOD AT FIGURES! Lady Pepperell Superfine Muslins average more than 144 threads per square inch—at least 12 more than regular muslins. When you buy an 81" x 108" sheet, you buy 8,748 square inches. Simple arithmetic proves there are 1,188 more threads, 104,976 more inches of thread in a Lady Pepperell Superfine Muslin Sheet than in a regular muslin of the same size.

TUMS

Beat BAKING SODA for Acid Indigestion

Tums neutralize almost twice as much excess stomach acid as the same amount of baking soda. Very important, Tums can't cause acid rebound. That's why Tums give you fast—longer lasting relief. You can eat your favorite foods without suffering from heartburn, gas due to acid indigestion. Get Tums from your druggist today. Only 10¢ a roll; 3 roll package a quarter.



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Shopping Hint

It is very likely that you have seen this sign on display of goods you buy from retailers.

It has been used in extensive "storewide" promotions by more than 15,000 stores.

For them—and for you—it signifies products known to the nation . . . the famous brands presented through the advertising pages of LIFE to a majority of all Americans.

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NU-Lips

No more stains on linens . . .
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At your favorite store or write for information to
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PLANTERS
is the word for
PEANUTS

Picnic CONTINUED



VERSATILE CATCHER Joe Murphy holds beer in one hand, sandwich in other. If Marty Conway does not hit, Joe will drop sandwich to make the catch.



LONELY GIRL, Nora Buckley comes back from swimming to find her boy-friend has wandered off with another girl. She spent rest of afternoon by herself.



THIRSTY ROYALS ignore Nick Coumatos (right), demanding to go home, while they sit on a barrel and finish the last dregs of beer before they leave.



New-Fashioned Way to Get the FINEST PRUNE JUICE at low cost per serving!



Heart's Delight CONCENTRATED PRUNE JUICE

- ★ Healthful Prune Juice, with True Prune Flavor—five or more servings from each tin!
- ★ Mixes in a Jiffy—Stays Mixed! Just add water 3 to 1.
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- ★ Light, Handy to Carry Home. No Breakage!
- ★ Packed in California, Where the Fruit is Grown.

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CAVALCADE OF SPORTS

... Bobby Thomson



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HEADS-UP FIELDING, A TREMENDOUS THROWING ARM AND A POWERFUL BAT MAKE YOUNG BOBBY THOMSON ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING PLAYERS IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE!



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HERE'S THE OVERWHELMING SHAVING FAVORITE OF AMERICAN MEN... THE NEW **GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED RAZOR**. WITH IT YOU ENJOY **INSTANT** BLADE CHANGING, REAL SHAVING **COMFORT** AND DOUBLE-EDGE **ECONOMY**... ADVANTAGES UNEQUALED BY ANY OTHER MAKE!

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ZIP! Out Comes
New Blade, In Goes
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look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! use Gillette Blue Blades
WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED

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MISCELLANY



DUFFY THE HERO GETS HIS MAN

When Tobey McIntosh wandered away from home in Fresno, Calif. his mother began a frantic search of the neighborhood. Meanwhile Duffy, the family dog, half spitz and half mongrel, tracked down Tobey, took him gently by the hand and led him home. Mr. McIntosh, an amateur photographer, took this picture of the heroic Duffy retrieving Tobey.



STUBBY THE CARD ANNOYS A GIRL

When Cynthia Caporal's family took her out on the lawn of their Oklahoma City home to pose for pictures, Stubby, a neighbor's puppy, got a firm grip on Cynthia's pants and started to rip them off. Cynthia squealed. Her grandmother snapped this picture before rescuing the child and telling the prankish Stubby he should be ashamed of himself.

Tall and Cool!



Near the cool slopes of Mt. Rainier and wherever Americans enjoy summertime, you'll hear...

For a Smoother Cooler...



It's Smart to Switch to Calvert Reserve

Whether you refresh yourself with a frosty-tall Calvert Whiskey Collins, or an icy-cold Calvert and Cola, you'll find *all* coolers are *tastier* made with that smooth Calvert Reserve! P. S. For a Tom Collins... Calvert makes the best *gin*, too!

CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY, 85.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 90 PROOF, DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

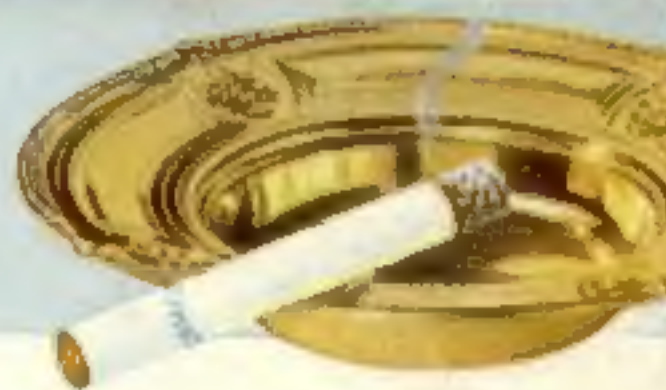
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says *Vaughn Monroe*

RADIO AND RECORDING STAR

...so it's only
common sense that
I smoke the cigarette that
agrees with my throat
-CAMEL!

HIS VOICE is in demand around the clock—network radio... theater appearances... motion pictures... dance dates (over 100 last year) from Maine to California... plus recording hit tunes that sell in the millions of copies. Vaughn Monroe is the singingest band leader in the U. S. A.



NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORT ON 30-DAY TEST OF CAMEL SMOKERS...

Not one single case of throat irritation
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Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days.

Make a Note... Remember Your Throat!



VOICE COACH George Griffin: "My career asks a lot from my throat. Thanks to the 30-Day Test, I found the cigarette that agrees with my throat—mild, flavorful Camels!"



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SHIP-TO-SHORE RADIO DISPATCHER Donald Minor: "On my job, cigarette mildness is important. I stick to Camels. They're a real mild, good-tasting cigarette!"



Make your own
30-Day Camel
MILDNESS Test

in your "T-ZONE"
(T for Throat—T for Taste)

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